THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WITHOUT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

My walk was long and wearisome,
And bitter was the winter night;—
I paused before a princely home
Whose rooms were all ablaze with light—
I heard the children's joyful din,
I saw the smile their mother wore,—
For he who latest entered in,
Remembered not to shut the door.

And there was laughter, and the sweep
Of ivory keys by one who sang
Old songs—such melodies as keep
The heart forever warm and young.
The sharp wind entered from the street,
And crept along the velvet floor,
Till a soft voice, low-toned and sweet,
Said, with a shiver—"Shut the door!"

Aye, shut the door! shut out the cold,
Shut out the snow and bitter wind—
Shut out the friendless and the old—
Those who have grieved, and striven, and sinned,—
Shut out the loiterers, like me,
Who dream of homes which are no more—
Shut out all want and misery
And wrong and suffering;—shut the door!

Oh, home—"sweet home!"—how sadly they
Whom wayward Fate condemns to roam,
Wearing their restless lives away,
Outside of love, and peace, and home—
Pause at thy gates, as I to-night,
Calling thy dear name o'er and o'er,
Drinking thy music and thy light,
Until the doom comes—"shut the door!"

Why list the infant's merry shout,
Why watch the mother's loving glance,
Oh, homesick soul, that wait'st without,
Hindered of thine inheritance?
Why yearn and pine for joys which are
Denied to thee forever more?
The inaccessible and far—
Love's Land of Promise—shut the door!

Aye, shut the door—but I shall keep
The memory of the pleasant room,
The pictured walls, the curtains' sweep,
The carpet's wealth of woven bloom,
The glimpse of faces sweet and fair,
The dear old song I loved before,
The light upon the children's hair—
I have them all—now shut the door!

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,
Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.

One of the most curious histories which could be written would be that of the variations of taste. Wigs, powder, pigtails, hoops, wimples, fardingales, patches, and thunder and lightning stockings, have all had their adorers, have all been thought indispensable to fashion and taste, and then, in a few short years have been condemned as the most hideous monstrosities by a succeeding generation. But no man has had experience enough to compile such a history. The half-dozen variations which he may have seen in his own time, could give but little illustration of the subject; and, although I have faint reminiscences of powder, a vague idea of pigtails, and a distinct remembrance of ladies in tight gowns which gave them the appearance of being sewed up in eelskins, yet I do not consider that I have experience enough to treat the subject scientifically.

> "If a man could be sure
> That his life would endure
> For a thousand long years as of yore,"

he could lay himself out for such abstruse studies; but at present I must confine myself to one of those changes in the taste of romance-reading mankind which has occurred within my own knowledge, and has been somewhat puzzling to the fabricator of stories.

I remember quite well the time when long and minute descriptions of scenery, costume, armor, personal appearance—ay, and even character—were highly palatable to the reader. The exquisite pictures afforded by the poems and romances of Sir Walter Scott were the delight of intelligent minds. Men felt in reading them as if they were gazing at the glorious handiwork of a Claude or Poussin; but we have changed all that; we hear from the lips of every little critic deep condemnations of long and wearisome descriptions; and every sort of stimulant, from blood and thunder to philosophical infidelity, is required to excite the public taste. Fifty thousand throats cut in one chapter, five or six thousand young ladies seduced by one villain, with a reasonable admixture of gambling, swindling, drinking and lying, form the best sauce to any story that can be told, and although every now and then a work appears, which, like the great "Novel" of Sir Edward Lytton, commands attention by its intrinsic power, few books can be produced in which cayenne pepper, in some shape, does not overbalance all the other condiments.

Now, dear reader, this is a long, laborious, but not altogether unnecessary excuse for beginning the following work by a description. The description, however, must be given, for it is impossible for any man to form an accurate conception of how any actions were performed unless he have some knowledge of where they took place. For instance, what might have been done on Salisbury Plain could not be enacted on top of one of the Pyramids of Egypt; and therefore it is that I am obliged to present a picture of the scene in which many of the most important events about to be detailed took place.

At the distance of about five-and-twenty miles from Paris, which, in the days of which I write was a long distance, but is now abbreviated to a mere span, there stood an old French chateau.

It stands there still, for I have been in it, and have visited with some strange feelings many, though not all, of its various nooks and corners—spots where persons not unconnected with me lived and enjoyed, died or suffered. To call a French chateau, of any period after the reign of Francis I., a building of any style of architecture would be absolutely ridiculous. The pepper box style might be as appropriate as any other name, and certainly might have been applied to the building in question, which consisted principally of numerous little towers scattered about without much regularity and joined together by flat, straight pieces of building of an older date apparently than the turrets themselves. A good many similar old buildings are still seen in Switzerland where the heavy snows afford some reason for the slated, foolscap looking, conical roofs with which the various towers are surmounted. The material is gray stone, the windows narrow and small, the rooms spacious, and for the most part floored with tiles, waxed, painted and polished. On the lower floor were some fifteen different chambers of various shapes and sizes, from the oblong dining hall, with its enormous fire-place, to the small cabinet richly ornamented with arabesques and paintings of flowers in the mode of about a century before. The outside of the house had somewhat of a gloomy appearance; but enough light and sunshine penetrated, even through these narrow windows, to give a gay, dry and wholesome air to the rooms within. The motes danced in the slanting rays; and every hour saw a new pattern drawn on the floor by the lozenge shaped panes of the lead casements. Around the house extended what was called a park—very different indeed from the English park, where Nature is very little assisted by Art, but cut into long alleys separated from each other by screens of the yoke elm, and filled during the spring and summer months with every variety of singing bird.

Many of the winged wanderers from other countries, the hoppoe, the oriel, the woodcock, the wild pigeon, the turtle dove, found refuge among those shades; but from the moment when, in early February, the thrush took his stand on the naked top bough, and heralded with his sweet carol the approach of warmer days, till the robin closed the year with his song amidst the snow, those long alleys and deep glades were full of music, of nature's own melodious making.

The house was not a very convenient one, except in certain parts, where some architectural skill had been displayed—for instance, where the grand staircase swept up in two great masses with wide landings at the top, showing a boldness of design and skill in execution seldom met with in modern country houses. The other parts of the dwelling were strangely disjoined and irregular; and it sometimes happened that where two chambers were actually contiguous it required a walk of nearly half round the house to reach the one from the other.

The furniture of the house bespoke not merely ease and wealth, but taste and refinement. Each room had at least two or three pictures in it, generally landscapes, though there were some very fine figure pieces by Italian artists; and here and there a little *etagère* was seen, with shelves displaying curious specimens of art or relics of the olden time. On the second floor, however, was a large gallery filled with pictures and busts, and next to it a small library. Beyond that was a large room having somewhat the appearance of a chapel, with several other chambers further on, and staircases going up and down, heaven knows where, for the ins and outs of that house were innumerable.

Such was the scene in which many of the events about to be recorded took place, and all that remains to be said upon this part of my subject is, that I have purposely abstained from giving anything like a romantic tinge to the description of a place which was, in reality, only an old French chateau of the seventeenth century, large, roomy, and incommodious, but peculiar and characteristic of the age.

CHAPTER II.

In the park, of which we have spoken in the preceding chapter, and on the evening of a summer's day in 164–, a lady and gentleman in the prime of life walked slowly up and down, conversing gravely but not eagerly, while ever and anon he would pause for a moment, and trace with the point of his sheathed sword what seemed the plan of a town or a battle-field. Two handsomer people have seldom been seen; and Time had laid his hand lightly on the head of either, though a gray hair here and there marked that the passage of days had not been without its effect. The lady's face was beautifully fair, and not a line or wrinkle showed the work of age; but the face of her companion told tales of exposure and of strife. There was a deep scar upon his right cheek, and an indentation on his left brow, covered over with a black patch, as if the wound which had made it was barely healed. He was active and vigorous, however, though somewhat spare in form; and his face had more the expression of joy than cheerfulness; for, although his eye lighted up when he looked down upon the beautiful countenance of his beloved wife, yet from time to time a look of sad and earnest thought would come like the shadow of a deep cloud upon him, and only pass away when the musical tones of her sweet voice sounded in his ear.

"Thank God, Edward," she said, "thank God, though there is much to mourn, yet you are safe with your wife and children again.—You know, my beloved, that, not for all the happiness a world could give, would I have withheld you from your duty to your King and your country; but that duty has been done well and nobly, and though it has pleased God to frustrate your efforts, to disappoint your hopes, ay, and even to impair your fortune, Heaven has restored you to me in safety; and therefore let us give thanks for what is granted, and not murmur because something is refused."

"God forbid, my Lucette!" said Sir Edward Langdale; "but yet, if I am somewhat grave, forgive me! I feel all the joy of my return, but when I think of the state of my country and my King, I cannot but feel bitter sorrow for the past, and sad misgivings for the future.—What a strange thing is fate! Buckley is gone, and all that the best fortunes that could befall had given me in England; but here, by strange chances, more has been given than has been taken away; and, with a new country, I have found a better fate."

The words, though they were hopeful ones, seemed to throw both the speaker and her whom he addressed, into a fit of thought; and they walked on towards the old chateau I have described, without uttering a word for some moments, but at length the lady said, musingly,

"Surely, they will never kill the King!"

Her husband shook his head.

"I cannot tell, my Lucette," he said, "but they have him totally in their power, and they have slain so many of the best and noblest of the land, that who shall say they will not carry their iniquity a step further? It was not believed when I was in England; and, indeed, the general people seemed to regard the very idea with horror; but there are bold bad men among them who may even desire to compromise the rest beyond all return. They are affecting to treat with the King even now; but I cannot discover anything in their proceedings indicative of sincerity. The monarchy is gone, that is clear to me; and the life of his Majesty is at the disposal of traitors. I have very little hope, Lucette."

While they had been thus speaking, they had advanced near enough to the chateau to hear, through the open windows, some one singing, in a very sweet voice, and apparently with a great knowledge of music, as the science was understood in those days; and both stopped to listen.

"Surely, that is not Lucy's voice," said the gentleman, pausing; "if it be, it has fallen several notes since I was here."

"That is a man's voice, I think," answered Lucette. "It certainly is not Lucy. She cannot sing so well as that."

And, hurrying their pace, they entered the chateau. Proceeding straight forward past the foot of the great staircase, they turned into a room on the right, from which the sound seemed to proceed. It was evidently used as a music room; for various instruments of music were scattered about, and several of the curious old music books of those days were lying on tables, and even on chairs. Seated near the window, which was open, was a young man of about three-and-twenty years of age, dressed with exceeding plainness, but with very great taste. His garb was of that beautiful form and arrangement which we see so frequently represented by the pencil of Vandyck. The collar, it is true, was of plain linen, as were also the turned-up wristbands, but they were cut into the most beautiful shapes, and every line of the garments which he wore seemed to flow into another with an easy grace which made, as it were, the poetry of costume. The cloth of the coat was not fine, nor was it, as sometimes happened in that age, gaudy in coloring; but every hue was so blended that, to use what some people may consider contradictory language, harmony was produced by opposition.

One of the most wonderful things, among all the wonderful anomalies of this anomalous world, becomes apparent if we take a picture of Vandyck, put it by the side of one of the horse-hair bewigged gentlemen of the reign of Anne or George I., and compare them both, the one with the other, and the two with a living and moving human animal of the present day. How the mind of man could ever go on in a process of degradation such as to descend from the admirable forms displayed by the pencil of Vandyck and many who preceded him, to the stiff rigidity of John, Duke of Marlborough, or William, Duke of Cumberland, is at first sight perfectly inexplicable. But if my theory be correct, and costume be the great exponent of the character of the age, the change is easily accounted for. The French seemed to have felt this continually, but not to have defined it. We have even given the name to certain collars used in the time of the first French Revolution, of *colliers a la guillotine*, from the facility which they afforded for cutting a gentleman's head off without the trouble of unbuttoning them.

The young gentleman of whom we now speak was dressed in the complete habiliments of a cavalier of those times; but all exceedingly plain—the lovelocks even were not wanting, but hung down upon his shoulders in magnificent bunches of curls, while the shorter hair over his forehead, by its natural wave, showed that no art had been used to produce the ringlets at the side.

On his knee was lying a Venetian mandolin, with which he had been accompanying his voice; and his hand was still straying over the strings when the master and mistress of the mansion entered.

As soon as he perceived them, he rose, slim and almost delicate in form, took up his hat from the ground, and advancing with a slight degree of hesitation, said, in a low, sweet tone, and in the English language,

"I presume I have the honor of seeing Sir Edward Langdale."

"The same, sir," said the other. "May I know whom I have the pleasure of welcoming to my house—pray be seated."

"This will explain, sir," said the young stranger, producing a letter, and handing it to him.

Sir Edward Langdale took it with a polite but somewhat cold aspect, and seated himself, again waving the stranger to a chair. It was clear that the appearance of his visitor did not impress him with any great feelings of respect. His nature had been very much softened since his youth; he had gained gentleness of heart; the gentler, the finer portions of his nature had obtained room and nurture; his Lucette had been all to him, and more than all that he had expected; and the blooming boys and girls which had arisen around his footsteps, had awakened and developed the sweetest, holiest, most beautiful sympathies of our nature. But still Edward Langdale, in manner at least, was not soft. It is a curious fact, that those who are most truly tender, can sometimes seem most hard; he could sport with a child as if he were a child himself; no true tale of sorrow met his ear in vain; but the quick, sharp answer, the keen, stern inquiry, prompt decision, and the steady determined action afforded no previous promise of the gentler and kinder treatment which was sure to be produced by a worthy object. It is another curious fact that, in very many instances, disposition—I must not call it nature, is more frequently fundamentally affected by external influences, especially in youth, than mere manner. The water hollows the stone, which leaves hardly a trace upon the sand; and I am inclined to go a little further than the old axiom, that "habit is second nature," and to believe that this second nature is of a harder and firmer fabric than the first.

However that may be, all that could be said of Sir Edward Langdale's manner was, that it was coldly polite. There was no stateliness, no affectation of dignity, but there was no warmth—none of what the French call effusion. The young stranger appeared, however, not the least abashed, he seemed to expect no more, but seating himself with a very graceful inclination of the head to Lady Langdale, who was quitting the room, he waited in a still and easy position, while her husband read the letter brought to him.

What was in that letter will appear presently; but its immediate effect upon Sir Edward was strange. The Cavalier rose from his chair, fixed his eyes upon the ground, not sternly but thoughtfully, and walked up and down the room two or three times without a word. Then suddenly stopping with a sort of start before the young stranger, he held out his hand to him, saying,

"Excuse me, sir, I am glad to see you, though I may have seemed somewhat rude; but this letter proposes to me matters which I have never contemplated, but which must not be refused, in the circumstances which surround you. This is a very quiet home, sir, a home of domestic tranquillity and affection, into which we have made it a point to let the world at large intrude itself but seldom. My wife, full of high accomplishments, and happy in the task, can bestow upon my daughter such an education as no girl can receive but from her mother. Of my boys, one is too young for all but rudimental teaching; the other receives his education partly from myself, partly from the old man who dwells in that small house you see from the window. His military exercises have lately been greatly interrupted, I am sorry to say, by my absence from France in the unfortunate cause of a beloved Monarch. Young as he was, I would have taken him with me; but I have no right to deprive a wife, who was every day likely to lose her husband, of a stay which might be most needful to her."

"There have been lads as young, as beloved, as precious," said the young stranger, in a grave but gentle tone, "who have fought in the same fields where you have fought, Sir Edward, and shared the same reverses which you have suffered. But I know," he continued, hastily, seeing a slight flush come upon Sir Edward Langdale's cheek, and his lip quiver as if for a reply, "but I know, at least I have been told, that you are peculiarly situated, that your lady is a French woman, her estate is greatly depending on the male heir, and the devotion of your own life and service to his cause, was all that your monarch could desire, more, perhaps, than he could expect."

Edward Langdale eyed him from head to foot, with a thoughtful and almost an inquiring look.

"You seem well acquainted with these matters, sir," he said, "and, it is probable from the contents of the letter you brought me, that some of your friends, if not yourself, have served his majesty."

"My friends and my relations, both, have tried to serve him," answered the young man; "but we all know they have had little success. Indeed those who try hardest, after their own fashion, generally meet with the least success, unless they will be convinced that a man who can see two miles, has a wider view than a man who can only see one."

"If I understand you rightly," answered his companion, "you would imply that the King's best friends have not always been his most obedient subjects, his most faithful officers somewhat insubordinate soldiers. This is the fertile source of great disaster, sir, and I heartily agree with you. My own rule has been to obey the orders I receive when they were given to me by my superior in command, and to follow my own judgment only, when there was no one present who had a right to command me. But let us talk of other things. I find that you are a skillful musician."

The young gentleman smiled.

"A part of my life was passed in Italy, Sir Edward," he said, "the land of music, and indeed of all the arts; and it was not to be expected that my constitution could resist the infection."

"I did not know that art was a disease," said Sir Edward Langdale, "although, to say the truth, being master of no art myself, I am no great judge in such matters."

"I should judge the contrary," said the young man, pointing to some beautiful small pictures on the walls. That group of children must be from the hand of Albano; and that Guercino is a masterpiece. They were never chosen by one who has no knowledge of art."

"I have some finer than these," replied Sir Edward Langdale, warming with a subject of which he was fond. "I will show them to you by-and-by; but in the meantime, all I can say, in answer to this letter is, that I shall be happy to give you such protection and assistance as I can afford. In regard to my receiving you as tutor to my two younger children, as his Royal Highness Prince James requests, methinks it is a situation inferior to your abilities and your education; might I not also say to your birth?"

"I aspire to nothing higher," replied the young gentleman; and then added, "it often happens, Sir Edward, that persons not humbly born, by accidental circumstances become proficient in many branches of learning, which others, apparently more favorably situated, never acquire at all. The necessity of laboring for one's bread, for instance—looked upon by the world in general as a great misfortune—is sometimes on the contrary, the greatest of blessings. It gives health and strength to body and to mind. It fosters and directs a just ambition, and it teaches a man to respect himself by giving him a knowledge of the powers within him. I am very poor, as probably the Duke has told you; but that is not my fault. It may be my fault, if I remain so; and therefore I am resolved, even at my early age, to commence that honest exertion which is likely to be my course through life."

Sir Edward Langdale, as is very customary with men of his peculiar temperament, had the habit, when somewhat puzzled or desirous to think deeply, to rise suddenly and walk up and down the chamber or any other place where he might be at the time. He now took some ten or twelve turns before he made any answer, and then merely replied, "Well, sir, well, it shall be as you desire. A room shall be provided for you immediately. There are plenty in this house."

"So I perceive," said the young man, dryly.

"To-morrow the children shall begin their studies," said Sir Edward; "and now let us transact the business part of the affair, and see what you require as compensation for the trouble you are going to undertake."

A conversation of five minutes settled all that referred to salary, and then calling for a servant, the master of the house led his young companion to a room on the lower story of the left wing, to which he ordered the good old man "Pierrot" to bring the stranger's baggage.

"What am I to do with the horse, sir?" demanded Pierrot.

"Put him in the stable, of course," replied his master, and Pierrot retired and shut the door; but when, at the end of some five minutes, Sir Edward came out, leaving the young man behind him, he found his old follower still standing in the passage.

"His luggage is small enough," said Pierrot, stepping up to his master with an air of mystery. "Only two saddle-bags."

"Well, Pierrot, when you first knew me, I had not much more."

"But the horse, the horse!" exclaimed Pierrot; "it is as fine a charger as was ever crossed by man."

CHAPTER III.

A few days, a few hours, often comprises all that really merits the name of a man's lifetime; and then again there are pauses of months, perhaps years, in which little is done, said or thought which deserves even the record of memory. But there are periods which, without any apparent action, prepare the way for more important things. I must not call them mixed periods; for they are so tranquil and quiet, so completely without the agitation of feeling and the energy of deed, that they are often forgotten afterwards, and the dull mind of man fails to perceive how they are wrought upon his future fate.

One of these periods succeeded the few little incidents we have last noticed in the chateau of Belaye. All matters went on as they had done before. The young stranger's arrival and admission into the family had made hardly a perceptible change; and his time was so taken up with the instructions he had undertaken to give, and with private studies of his own, that he saw little of the lord and lady of the mansion except during the hours of meals.

Let us, however, give a picture of the family circle round the board on one of these occasions, as some of the personages there gathered together will have to appear upon the scene again hereafter.

With Sir Edward Langdale the reader is already acquainted, and also with his sweet wife, Lucette, hardly less lovely, though with a different sort of loveliness, than when she fled from Rochelle with him who is now her husband. In addition to these were the eldest daughter and the eldest son of the house—the first a young girl of some seventeen years of age, very like her mother in feature and expression, but with her father's dark hair and long black eyelashes. The eldest son was a fine lad of about sixteen, fair as his mother, and remarkably handsome, but with a somewhat delicate look and slender form. He was too tall, perhaps, for his age; and Sir Edward would sometimes gaze at him with a feeling of anxiety regarding his future health, while his mother's heart would sink at what she thought the signs of premature decay. Besides these two, were two other rosy and robust children of nine and ten years of age, whom we may not pause to describe, as we must hurry on to more active scenes.

The seventh person at that table was the young stranger, to whom we must now give a name, and it had better be that by which he was known in the family, namely, "Master Bernard March." With the two younger children, towards whom he now acted in the capacity of tutor, he had rapidly ingratiated himself; and they would cling to him with almost brotherly affection whenever he bestowed upon them a few minutes out of the hour of study. This was rare, however, for he did not show himself disposed to mingle much with the family, retiring commonly to his own chamber as soon as the lessons were over, and taking little or no exercise except during one hour of the autumnal evenings, when he would seek out one of the most solitary alleys of the park, and there pace up and down, apparently buried in deep thought. Sometimes, at the dinner-table, he would converse fluently with Sir Edward Langdale upon literature and art, and with young Henry Langdale he would jest gaily; but with Lady Langdale and her eldest daughter his conversation was confined to a few words of common courtesy when they met and when they parted. Indeed, to say sooth, the fair Lucy might have felt a little piqued with his utter indifference to her beauty, her grace and her accomplishments, had she not been educated in so much seclusion that she was ignorant and innocent of all the various arts and coquetry of the day. As it was, she thought him a very common place young man, handsome, beyond doubt, and learned, but very cold and somewhat shy. Lady Langdale might see a little deeper—and Sir Edward Langdale certainly did, for he had made the young man's character a study from the first moment he had entered the family, and thought he perceived underneath his cold manner traits very different from those which appeared upon the surface. At first, indeed, he had been induced to think him a little frivolous—to judge that his taste for the arts, and especially for music, had softened him and rendered him effeminate; but every now and then, across his ordinarily calm demeanor, came a flash of vigorous thought which spoke a mind of no small power and energy.

It may be remembered that when the young gentlemen first appeared at the chateau he had a four-footed friend with him, which Pierrot La Grange had pronounced as fine a charger as ever man bestrode; but Master Bernard never mounted him, though he would often walk into the stable, pat his neck, and rub his hand gently over two curious looking scars, one on each of the good beast's fore legs. The horse seemed very fond of him, however, and the moment his step sounded in the stable, the ears would be raised, and the head turned, and a short neigh of pleasure would welcome his young master.

It is a very dangerous thing in this good world in which we live to have any small peculiarities. Great eccentricities—oddities of a remarkable character, as some old authoress said, "set us in our easy chair for life;" but beware of anything that smacks of mystery; it sets that blind and stupid, but staunch and persevering dog, Curiosity, yelping at your heels: it is the scent of the deer upon the grass, and were you the pet fawn of the hound's master, that same dog would have his fangs in your flank before he gave over the chase. Now Master Bernard afforded matter for much speculation in the chateau of Belaye. His quiet and solitary habits, his accomplishments—for even the servants soon found out he was highly accomplished—made him the object of comment and observation; and then there was that wonderful fact that nobody knew who he was, or whence he came. I refer of course to the domestics and retainers of the house; but even

Sir Edward Langdale himself was not without a certain degree of—what shall I call it? Not curiosity, for it had none of the vulgar portion of that very vulgar propensity; but of puzzle. He never inquired why the young man did this or that, what were the motives for his absenting himself continually from the family circle where he was treated with kindness and courtesy; he asked no questions as to the past, the present or the future; but he did wonder at much that he saw, and would have been glad of further explanations. It is true that he had received a letter by the young man's hands from the second son of his sovereign, which might well repress anything like indiscreet curiosity; and there were events also taking place in France which—though he was resolved to take no share in them—occupied much of his attention; but he remarked with regret that his new companion neglected all healthful exercise, that the cheek became paler, the eye more anxious, and that the song heard occasionally from the little chamber in the left wing was less frequent, and generally of a more melancholy tone. A feeling of undefined sympathy took possession of him, and, whereas at first he had felt that sort of superiority which trenches on contempt, often experienced by men of action and energy for men of thought and fancy, he began to acquire an interest in the young man nearly allied to friendship.

One day towards the end of September, on a bright and beautiful morning, the whole party were just concluding their breakfast, when Sir Edward suddenly burst forth with the words, "Children, this is a remarkable day in my life, and we will have a holiday. Master Bernard, you want more exercise; come out and join us in a long ride, for we are going through the forest to the table of stone, where our ancient Kings of France used sometimes to hold their *cours plenieres*; and there we will have our dinner and fancy ourselves as good as Peer or Paladin."

The young gentleman looked down for an instant and thought; and then replied,

"Well, sir, I am at your command; I presume that the party will be small, for, to say truth, I am not much fitted for society."

"None but ourselves," replied Sir Edward; and then he added, in rather a significant tone, "there is no chance of our meeting any one; for I imagine that since the days of Childebert, not ten persons have passed along that road in four and-twenty hours. What horse will you ride?"

"My own, sir," replied the young man.

"He has not been out for weeks," replied Sir Edward, "and it might be well to have him exercise before you ride him."

The young man smiled slightly, saying,

"He knows me well, sir, and is not vicious."

In little more than an hour, horses for all the party were before the gates. Lady Langdale and her daughter were speedily mounted, and Sir Edward and the lads had their feet in the stirrups; but the fine bay charger of Master Bernard was fretting and prancing in the hands of two grooms, who could hardly restrain him, now pawing the ground, now rearing, as if the fiery spirit long unexercised could hardly be restrained. The young man approached his side, while the eye of Sir Edward Langdale, as that of an experienced cavalier, was fixed upon him, perhaps in some doubt, perhaps with a little anxiety. But there was only one word and one movement.

"Stand!" and with one vault, without ever touching the stirrup, Bernard March was in the saddle, and as erect as a statue. The horse dashed forward as if to get before all the rest; but after one wild shake of the head and tug at the bridle, he was completely under command, and as gentle as a lamb.

The ride was a very beautiful one of some eight or ten miles in length, through a country which could not be called hilly, but which undulated and varied at every step, now passing through rich vineyards and fields, now cutting across one of those little woods which diversify that part of France, now rising a gentle eminence from which a wide extending view of the surrounding scenery might be obtained, now sinking into a deep dell, along the bottom of which ran a clear and sparkling stream. During the first part of the way, the aspect of all things was cheerful and lively. The peasantry were working in the fields, and cheering their labors with a song; the trees were full of birds making the air melodious with the last carols of the year, and the large and beautiful butterflies were still abroad, ending their brief existence in the sobered sunshine of the early autumn.

Every passion is infectious, or rather there is that natural tendency to sympathy in the mind of man, that sixty centuries of crime and suffering have not been able to extinguish the feeling of brotherhood with all things which God implanted originally in the human heart. To laugh with those who laugh, to weep with those who weep, is the natural tendency of every one; and we are inclined to take part in all that is joyous; if it be but the happiness of beasts that perish, or the gay aspect of even an inanimate scene. The mind is as it were a mirror reflecting the objects around it, and taking from all a coloring not its own. The whole party became merry, and even Master Bernard himself shook off the reserve and gravity of his ordinary demeanor, and laughed and chatted with a cheerful countenance and an open heart.

At the end of five or six miles, however, the road descended, slowly and gradually showing a wide scene of undulating forest ground beyond. The rows of tall walnut trees which had hitherto bordered the path on either side became broken, and then ceased; the cultivated fields ended, the house of the farmer and the cabin of the laborer disappeared, great oaks and horse chestnuts took the place of the fruit tree and the vine, till suddenly taking a sharp turn and an abrupt descent, the whole party found themselves in the forest of Bourg, near the spot where a forester's cottage stood, with a large clear well of beautiful water by its side. The old man himself was sitting at his door, carving a sundial on a stick, and whistling sweetly some long forgotten tune, taking hardly any notice of the cavalcade, whose horses' feet he must have heard. The whole party, however, stopped to let their beasts drink, and Sir Edward Langdale rode up to the old man, saying,

"Why, Robin, you seem to have forgotten me."

The forester started up the moment he heard his voice, exclaiming,

"God bless me, monseigneur"—everybody was monseigneur with the peasantry in those days—"why, I thought that you were in foreign lands, fighting for the good King of England. Some one told me so, I am sure, and I have not seen you for this two years."

"I have come back, good Robin," said Sir Edward, "and trust to spend some peaceful days with you yet; but what makes you look grave and desponding, good man? You were hanging down your head when we came up, as if you were resolved not to see us."

"The times are bad, sir," said Robin, "and many a person passes by here nowadays whom it is not safe to see. Why, it is not three hours since there was a whole party of them killed one of the King's deer within sight of the cottage door. They would not have dared to do that in the old King's reign, when the great Cardinal was living. But I can do nothing now to stop them. In those times I could bring up ten men with the blast of a horn; but the men get no pay, so they wont stay under this new Cardinal and this little boy."

"Well, we have not come to hunt the King's deer," replied Sir Edward; "but merely to take our dinner at the *Table de Pierre*. It is all safe up there, I suppose."

"Oh, ay," replied the forester, "the rogues have been gone a couple of hours, each man carrying a bloody quarter behind him, and they are not likely to come back very soon; besides you have plenty of people with you."

Now the plenty of people of whom good Robin spoke, consisted only of Sir Edward Langdale and his son, Master Bernard March, two mounted grooms, and a third leading a pack horse for the conveyance of their provisions; these, together with the ladies and the younger children, formed a tolerably large cavalcade; but no one felt any fear, and the news that there were some rogues in the forest did not startle any one. Indeed, some years before, there would have been no need of alarm; but times were a good deal changed since Sir Edward Langdale had last left the shores of France for England. The feeble, cunning, but successful rule of Cardinal Mazarin, had brought about great disorders in the country; the civil wars of the Fronde had begun, and many parts of the land, as well as the immediate neighborhood of the court, were greatly disturbed both by the contending factions, and by that general license which is sure to follow ill established power. What the poet calls "the ancient rule—the good old plan" was very largely adopted; and the strong hand, I fear, was sometimes too often felt in various parts of France.

However, Sir Edward and his party rode gally on, forgetting in a few minutes all about the gentlemen who had been helping themselves to the King's venison, and talking about the magnitude of the old oaks (some of which they stopped to measure); the beauty of the sparkling stream, which they crossed at least a dozen times; and the loveliness of the scene in general, whether in those deep misty glades which the eye could hardly penetrate, or the ever dancing light and shade which streamed through the leaves and branches, checquering their path as with a curiously varied pavement. At the end of about two miles, or two miles and a half, a little, even lawn in the very heart of the wood opened before them; and there, shaded by the long branches, stood the table of stone, a long, flat slab, some sixteen feet in length, by perhaps eight in width, supported by four smaller stones at the four corners. Perhaps it was a druidical monument originally; but tradition said that there the feudal lords of the soil, and even the Kings of France themselves, had held their *cours plenieres*, and judged their subjects, or revelled with their vassals. The meal upon the present occasion was destined probably to be a more moderate one than those old times had seen; but yet it was plentiful and gay; and care and thought, and probably memory and regret, were for the time forgotten. With that common revulsion of feeling which so frequently drives men into excess, the gayest perhaps of the whole party was the thoughtful and somewhat gloomy Master Bernard March. He laughed, he jested, he talked gayly with Lady Langdale and Lucy; he gathered the wild autumn flowers with the boys, and ran after the gaudy butterflies. He seemed almost a child himself, and probably in the midst of a sad and laborious life, he was determined to have one day at least of bright and unmingled enjoyment.

Thus ran by the hours till towards four o'clock, with the servants sitting around and enjoying themselves as much as their masters, when Sir Edward Langdale thought that it was nearly time to return to the chateau. Then, as they lingered for a few minutes, Lady Langdale asked Master Bernard if he would not give them a parting song. They knew he could sing beautifully, she said, for they had heard him accidentally more than once. He answered with a smile, that perhaps he sang better when he did not know that any one was listening to him. He complied, however, at once, without affectation, singing somewhat after the following manner:

THE DYING SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

I.

Where is the love o'er childhood's slumber bending,
While drops the tear from the maternal eye,
Prophetic fear with heaven-born hope still blending,
Chastening proud pleasure with the timid sigh;
Where is the love?

II.

Where is the love, more warm but less enduring,
That twines youth's brow with coronals of flowers,
While hope stands by, deluded hearts assuring
A long expanse of bright and sunny hours:
Where is the love?

III.

Where is that love, while sad and mangled lying
On the dark battle-field my limbs are cast,
And my crushed heart for long gone moments sighing,
Turns faintly back unto the happy past;
Where is that love?

IV.

Where is that love? In Heaven, with those who bore it,
Who long have left me on this earth alone.
Sweet spirits! in your blessed mansions store it,
For I am coming quick to claim mine own:
There is that love.

The voice was exquisitely sweet, the science was perfect, so far as the science of music had advanced in that day; and none hung upon the song more profoundly occupied than Lucy Langdale, whose ear and taste were as fine and delicate as those of her mother.

Sir Edward, moved as he always was by music, sat with his eyes fixed upon the table of stone, while the servants were removing the various implements which had been used at their simple dinner, when suddenly a slight cry from Lady Langdale, and the touch of her hand upon his arm, made him raise his eyes. The first sight he saw was the gleam of some half dozen carbines pointed at his party from amongst the trees just opposite, and before he had time to draw his sword, a number of men from behind him had rushed down and were pinioning his arms with the horses' bridles. The gentlemen with the carbines then came down from the opposite side, with no very formidable gestures, for they were shouting with laughter, but in sufficient numbers to make all opposition fruitless. A scene of confusion and disarray followed, which can hardly be described. The strangers were for the most part masked or otherwise disguised; and it was difficult to discover either by their apparel or their manner whether the attack had been made by a party of marauders, or whether the whole affair was merely a bad joke. They laughed, they jested, according to the light spirit of the times and the country; and certainly their language was curiously and, in some degree, artificially refined; but their garments were not a little tattered, and they made no scruple of tying the servants, who had been overpowered in a moment, or of bestowing two or three good buffets upon Pierrot La Grange, who was the only person that offered anything like serious resistance.

"We hope you have dined well, sir," said a gentleman with a blue scarf, addressing Sir Edward Langdale, with a low and ceremonious bow; "we would not have interrupted you at your meal, seeing that we ourselves are as full of good venison as we can hold, but we are exceedingly thirsty, having had nothing to drink but a small quantity of a pure and doubtless very salubrious beverage, called water, which is a drink that none of us are much accustomed to. You will invite us I know to partake of your wine, and therefore, without waiting for ceremony, we will help ourselves;" and thus saying, he filled up a brimming glass-full from some bottles that were still on the table, and was followed by most of his companions.

"Madame, be not the least alarmed," said another, addressing Lady Langdale, "we are the most civilized people upon the face of the earth. We may perhaps have to disencumber you of some of those worldly goods which sadly impede our poor humanity in the way to grace, but we know the charitable disposition of our friends so well that we do not doubt they will gladly contribute a small sum to help a body of poor gentlemen on their way home; for upon my life and soul I don't think amongst us all there is a crown piece to buy any one of us a new cravat."

"Gentlemen," said Sir Edward Langdale, "this bantering is all very well; but as we must also find our way home, you would oblige me if you would come to the point. You have us in your power, and presuming that it is our money that you seek, I would willingly give you my purse if I could put my hand into my pocket. If you choose, however, to unloose me you shall have it, as resistance is quite in vain with such a disparity of numbers."

"Of course it is, Sir Edward," said the personage in the blue scarf, "but the fact is we want to raise a loan, much in the same way that our ancient monarchs used to do, by very gentle compulsions. Your hands, therefore, shall be untied, though we could help ourselves for that matter; but in truth we shall require our bridles. Therefore, have the kindness politely and civilly to put down your purse upon the table. Jean, untie the good knight's arms."

"With infinite pleasure, monseigneur," replied the man whom he addressed, and the leather strap was immediately taken from Sir Edward's arms. While the marauders, or whoever they were, were thickly mingling with Sir Edward's party, paying courtly compliments to Lady Langdale, uttered with every external sign of courtesy, yet in a somewhat jesting tone, Sir Edward took his purse from his pocket and laid it gravely on the table, saying, "help yourselves, gentlemen."

The man in the blue scarf deliberately poured out the money and counted it. "Only a hundred and ten crowns," he said; "is that all? that will not make ten crowns a head to us."

"All I have, upon my word," replied Sir Edward.

"I would feign borrow that diamond ring upon your finger," rejoined the stranger. "The brilliants are large and apparently of a very fine water."

"You must take it if you will, sir," said Sir Edward, in a very grave tone, "but you might nearly as well take my life. That ring was given me by my King, on the night after a successful battle; and I thought to have carried it with me to my grave."

"Nevertheless, I must borrow it, sir," replied the stranger, "at least for a time; and although you may think I am joking. I will add this much. It shall be returned to you perfectly safe within a few weeks, if I live." He spoke in a graver and more courteous tone, and Sir Edward Langdale immediately took the ring from his finger and laid it on the table beside the money. Of course a great deal of noise and confusion had been going on in the little arena where the conversation had taken place, but we must recollect that those were days in which events were not extraordinary that would now seem extravagant. The wars of the great rebellion in England produced not a few of these strange doings; but still more were enacted in France during the wars of the *Fronde*, which were then perhaps at their height. This levity supplied the place of earnestness; religion was not even a pretence, and every conceivable sort of wildness and rashness was displayed by every party. Thus men's minds were habituated to scenes and circumstances which at other times would have produced surprise and consternation; and very little astonishment was felt at anything that was strange and daring from whatever quarter it came.

Nevertheless, all was confusion, as may well be supposed, when a body of some thirteen or fourteen armed men intruded themselves with such doubtful intentions upon a little social party like that of Sir Edward Langdale's. Each one was separated from the other; the only one who had his hands free on the one side was Sir Edward himself, and seven or eight men with carbines in their hands kept the others apart, under that moral compulsion which proceeds from powder and ball, and others were continually passing backwards and forwards, giving orders, bringing up horses, and storing up silver goblets and other convertible articles in havresacs and such receptacles.

A space of perhaps less than ten minutes concluded the whole: and then the gentleman in the blue scarf raised his hat with the air of a prince, saying, "Sir Edward, we are sorry to be obliged to put you under some degree of compulsion, but, as you are aware, necessity has no law. We leave you at liberty in five minutes to untie your companions. I need hardly tell you that with your force and ours, and with the distance between you and your resources which exists, any attempt at pursuit would be in vain. You will hear from me again, when anything that now seems wrong will be made right. Mount, gentlemen, mount! never mind your curb reins; you can ride for once upon the snaffle."

Thus saying he flung himself upon a very fine horse that stood by, and galloped away at the head of his party.

It must not be said that Sir Edward Langdale waited the five minutes prescribed ere he proceeded to unloose every one of the party; and then with an air of anxiety, and even trepidation, which was unusual with him, ran his eye rapidly from face to face, exclaiming, in a tone difficult to describe, "Where is Lucy—where is Lucy?"

Every one looked around; and then it was found that two of the party were missing. Lucy Langdale and Master Bernard March were no longer amongst them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

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THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

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In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

THE CAVALIER.

We commence in the present paper, this historical romance, by the celebrated author, Mr. G. P. R. James—it having been delayed so far by causes beyond our control.

The opening chapters, it will be seen, give promise of a very fine story. Mr. James's style is calm, but graphic and vigorous. He is not one of those writers who give you the idea that they are perpetually suffering under a fit of delirium tremens. A distinguished author once remarked of writers of the jerky, unnatural, spasmodic school, that it did not prove a man was strong, because, when he went into convulsions, it took ten men to hold him.

Persons of little intellectual culture are apt to be imposed upon by the convulsive, delirium tremens style alluded to—but such writings, however they may obtain a transient popularity, cannot stand the ordeal of time. The books which endure, the Robinson Crusoes, the Vicar of Wakefields, the novels of Scott, the novels of Cooper, &c., &c., are all eminently free from the spasmodic and vicious extravagances of style and manner that we have alluded to. Their strength is calm, serene and healthy, not convulsive, troubled or dyspeptic. And so it is with Mr. James's productions—which have received warm commendations from the highest critics. He does not tear either his style or his passion to tatters—he does not rejoice in extravagances of diction, or monstrosities of character. He interests by the simple and natural portraiture of exciting scenes, and heroic and beautiful personages. He sympathises not with vice and impurity, but with all that is noble, lovely and of good repute. And his works, therefore, without unpleasantly intruding any moral upon the reader, teach lessons of endurance, faith, purity, probity and heroic forgetfulness of self. For these reasons—for the healthy and vigorous and heroic spirit which breathes alike in his style and his subjects, the works of Mr. James occupy a place in the libraries of every land where the English language is spoken, by the side of those of Scott and of Cooper; and their circulation in the homes of the people has been by the hundreds of thousands.

A FEW BRIEF WORDS.

Upon the subject of the late melancholy affair at Washington, we have, up to this time, said nothing—not feeling called upon to say anything. We now, however, may be allowed to express our surprise at the comments of certain journals—some of them of a professedly religious character—thereupon. Where all parties appear to have lived a rather "free-love" life, we confess we can see but little *justification* for the course of any, though we may be more inclined to palliate the guilt of the husband than of either of the others. But he, it seems to us, should be "without guilt," who presumes, in such a case, not only "to cast the first stone," but to assume the offices of all, judge, jury, and executioner.

If, as some of our contemporaries assert, an injured husband holds the power of life or death in his hands—how is it to be, in this woman's rights era, with injured wives? Are they, too, to be at liberty to slaughter their offending husbands, or the sirens who have tempted them, wherever they can find them? If the principle of retaliation be once established by public opinion, so as to override what is universally admitted to be the law, as enacted by the wisdom of our fathers, will it not sweep down a large number of its most strenuous supporters? It is a two-edged sword, remember, and cuts both ways.

Our witty contemporary, the *N. Y. Picayune*, hits off a certain class of commenters upon this terrible affair, to the very life. Its ire seems to be especially directed against a certain backsliding class of clerical gentlemen—but of course includes a much greater number who are not clerical. It pictures a conversation between "Two gentlemen in Black"—one, from his wings and tail, evidently Old Nick; the other a "Reverend" of the *irreverend* stamp. The following is the conversation:—

Reverend Gentleman.—"Well, brother, what do you think of this terrible affair at Washington?"

Oldnick.—"Perfectly right. I would have done the same myself."

Rev. Gent.—"The same as which?"

Oldnick.—"Either."

Rev. Gent.—"So would I."

If a contemplation of the melancholy affair in question, should have an effect—not so much to strengthen men in a resolution to avenge a similar wrong in blood—as to create in them a determination to live themselves open, virtuous and honest lives, curbing fiery passions of all kinds with an iron will, then will the political and social disgrace of the thing, not be without its compensations. But, so far, the thoughts of men, judging by the articles in the newspapers, seem to have been dwelling too much upon the idea of vengeance, and too little upon that of purity—too much upon the right of avenging their wrong, and too little upon the need of doing no wrong themselves.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDUSTRY AND THE SAFE INVESTMENT OF CAPITAL; OR, A THOUSAND CHANCES TO MAKE MONEY, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is certainly an attractive title, and the volume that bears it, has at least the merit of setting one to reflect how he can make or better his fortune. A shrewd and active mind, we should think, could hardly read this book without getting some valuable hint or idea which would in time yield money. The chances for profit in Stock Raising, in Stock Jobbing, in Planting, Shipping Goods, Manufacturing, Selling Inventions, and a number of other occupations, are clearly stated, and a great many useful receipts for making saleable articles, are appended. The lively and agreeable style in which the book is written, makes it, at all events, pleasant reading.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 196—Adults 96, and children 100.

☞ Prejudice is as a thick fog, through which light gleams fearfully, serving rather to terrify than to guide.

THE SEVENTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY of the Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons will be held at the Musical Fund Hall in this city on Tuesday evening, March 15th. His Honor the Mayor will preside, and addresses will be delivered by the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley and the Rev. A. A. Willitts. An institution so wise and benevolent merits public countenance and support, and we hope the attendance at the anniversary may be large. The high reputation of the speakers, however, will no doubt secure a full house.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

CONFUSION. For everything that is really remarkable we contrive to find room; but we receive a great many articles, especially poetical ones, which may appear or not, according to circumstances. We cannot publish all that would do to publish, simply because our space is not illimitable. If a writer, however, can write that—prose or poetry—which takes position in the very first class of excellence, he or she may be assured that publishers will always find room for it. It is only the second class of articles—good, but not extraordinary—which may or may not be published, as space and opportunity favor.

J. L. Q. We know nothing of the Alpine strawberry—or where its seed can be procured.—If you would write to Landreth, or any other horticulturist, probably he could give the desired information. If it bears an autumnal crop, as you say—and would bear such in our autumns—it would be well worth an introduction to our gardens. The California strawberries begin bearing in the spring, and bear all through the summer, and into the autumn months; but that is probably owing more to the climate of California, than to any peculiarity in the strawberry.

N. S. There is a translation by Dryden.—Write to any of the booksellers that advertise in THE POST, and they will inform you as to the price, and as to whether there are other translations. You say "The ——— does not *begin* to come up to THE POST in everything good." Of course, it does not. But there are many people that would like THE POST better if it were not so good. "Each to his taste," however, as the old woman said when she kissed her *donkey*.

H. C. J. Yours is the first and only answer we have received—and it is the right one. The reason that he who loves Florence Percy will love her for herself alone, is because he will love Florence Per-cy (*per se.*)

BUILDER. The small towers attached to city villas, &c., are called "campaniles," which is the Italian for a clock or bell-tower, *campana* being the Italian for bell. The word is pronounced in four syllables, cam-pa-nee-la, accent on the nee. In the rural districts adjacent to this city, there are a great number of them, though they never contain clocks or bells—though they often do belles, a fine view being often obtained from them, and the number of pretty girls in and around Philadelphia, who are fond of sight-seeing, being absolutely immense. We may add to the above information, that *belles* are supposed to be thus named from the clatter and other *bell*-like music they make,—which led a witty person once to remark, upon hearing that a certain very silent young lady was "quite a belle," that, if she were so, she was "a bell without a clapper."

MARINA. Yes, that was a great proof of affection, but hardly equal to the following, which is simply according to the customs of a certain "barbarous" tribe. The intended bride brings the object of her youthful affections, a little water in a calabash, and, kneeling before him, desires him to wash his hands. When he has done this, the young lady, with her eyes suffused with the tears of love and devotion, drinks the water—this being considered the greatest proof of her affection that could be given. Whether this is a trying ordeal, or otherwise, depends, we should think, upon the state of the gentleman's hands, and whether he uses any kind of soap.

"HAWK-EYE." Sharpness of sight is a good thing, but yet it is just as well often to be apparently a little blind. If a customer's son picks up an apple, &c., occasionally, you would do very foolishly "to charge it in the bill." It is very true that it argues a want of proper training at home on the part of the youngsters—but it would argue a rare degree of stupidity on your part to take notice of it. You would find that "a penny saved" in such a case, would be a dollar lost, instead of earned. We judge you are one of those storekeepers who are exceedingly careful not to wrong themselves in any transaction—and by such exceeding carefulness, miss making a good deal of money. Some men, it has been said, have made fortunes "by minding their own business"—but others also have lost fortunes by minding their own business too narrowly and closely. As we took occasion to tell a laughing shopkeeper the other day, who gracefully threw in a small amount in making change—when a reputation for generosity can be had at the expense of an occasional cent or two, it would be the height of folly not to make the investment.

F. A. T. To avoid becoming too fleshy is the easiest thing in the world. Probably you are now a gentleman of easy means, with just sufficient agricultural duties to attend to, to be pleasant and not onerous. Doubtless also you are good natured—for there is great truth in the old proverb, "laugh and grow fat." Now, as you doubtless possess a good intellect, and a fair amount of culture, suppose you offer to edit the village paper for a while. In your first editorial, open a personal and political controversy—if it be merely political to begin with, it will soon become personal—with the editor of the rival paper. In a short time, you will find your alarming tendency to obesity fully counteracted. And, in the course of a month or two, when your opponent has had time to impute not only all the sins in the Decalogue, but all the sins in the Dictionary, to you, your father, your grand-father, and to all your relatives, on both sides, and of both sexes, for three generations,—by that time, we say, you will probably begin to feel your clothes hang around you like flour bags on a bean-pole, which will afford you sufficient room to carry an ample store of revolvers, bowie-knives, and such other editorial implements as you may find necessary. If the editor, however, is unwilling to yield his post for a time, he will doubtless allow you to try your hand at collecting his outstanding bills: and, if there is any flesh left on your bones at the end of three months of that work, we think your tendency to obesity can scarcely be counteracted except by getting into some social, legal, financial, or political scrape or other. In fact, there is nothing like a little *trouble* to take down and keep down the flesh—it is better than either fasting or vinegar.

YOUNG MAN. Do not stand upon your dignity, but do all your employer asks you to do, and a little more. It is in this way that young men rise in the world. Once get the idea into your punctilious head that so and so is your proper work,

and that it is an invasion of your rights to ask you to do more, and your pathway upwards will be pretty effectually blocked. If you show an industrious and obliging spirit, you will—before you know it—have attracted the attention of other employers, who will have their eyes on you, and when they want a man for some responsible post, be very apt to call upon you to fill it. Let us tell you an anecdote, which is literally true—showing how men often do rise in the world. A young man who had not neglected any opportunities of improving himself that came in his way, some years ago arrived in this country from Ireland. Finding nothing else offer—though he thought he was capable of a higher kind of work—he took employment as a hod-carrier. One day he saw his employer puzzling over some figuring on a shingle—and seeming sadly worried. Dinner time came, and still his employer worried over his figures. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, our hod-carrier inquired of his "boss" what it was that so puzzled him. The latter replied that he was trying to calculate the number of bricks in the front wall of the house. "Shall I try to do it?" said the young man. His employer looked up astonished, but handed him a clean shingle and the pencil, and told him to go ahead. In about five minutes the whole matter was cyphered out. The result was, that the young man soon found a better business than hod-carrying, and ultimately became Professor of Mathematics in one of the highest institutions in the land. Now it was not his appropriate business, as hod-carrier, to help his employer as a clerk. But he lost nothing by so doing.

X. "Why is the small, white dot, placed near the pupil of the eye in painting?" That is a funny question, and yet one not unfrequently asked. The answer is a very plain one—to represent nature. If you were at all a keen observer, you would have seen, in looking into people's eyes, a bright point where the light strikes the eye at an angle—and which is always copied in the daguerreotype and the portrait; sometimes so bunglingly in the latter, that it is no wonder that it should be asked what is meant. As to your other questions, two of them are out of our line. Is it possible that you do not know what a hair-trigger is—a lock so constructed as to be made capable of going off, when set, at the slightest pull of the trigger?

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED: "Infatuation;" "Home;" "Thoughts of an Outcast, etc;" "Lady Alice;" "We are Growing Old;" "A Mother in Heaven;" "The Revenge;" "To An Absent Sister;" "Le Baron de Sevier;" "The Heart's Graveyard;" "Too Soon."

L. LEE. Respectfully declined.

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

Dear G. H.—You should be here at this time, to see a noble piece of statuary—the "*Eve Repentant*" of the late Edward S. Bartholomew—which is on exhibition at our Academy of Fine Arts by the kind permission of the owner, Mr. Harrison, for the benefit of the widowed mother of the artist.

I cannot say that I have looked upon this statue with impartial eyes—though I have tried to do so from the first. The sculptor was one of my most valued *friends*, in Rome. I sat to him for a crayon portrait, and knew him quite intimately. I have now a sad pride in remembering that I then saw in the poor young artist, who had little to show in his unfrequented studio, all the genius and fine poetic feeling which have since, but alas, too late, been recognized by the world.

Mr. Bartholomew was a singularly modest and sensitive man, and shrank from general society with a painful shyness—caused, I think, by some personal defects—the cruel results of the small-pox. He was a remarkably handsome and athletic young man, when he was struck down—he rose up a cripple, shattered, marred, diseased. But the manhood of the spirit still stood erect and strong—the genius of the artist shone forth bravely above that dismal wreck of youthful beauty and strength.

He was a patient, courageous, chivalric soul. I knew him in the darkest, most discouraging season of his life in Rome, and I sometimes saw him sad and desponding, but I never heard him utter an unmanly complaint—never a word of bitter dispraise of a more fortunate brother-artist. He struggled and suffered in silence—kept his cares, his despairs, and perhaps his most daring hopes close prisoned in his own sad and earnest heart.

His ambition seemed to me of the noblest character. He wished to be a great artist, for the sake of art and his country. He never talked of fame, or money—only of ideals and aspirations;—of what he longed to do—what he could do, if the world would give him a chance—not what his efforts would bring him. He was a man of few, but warm and constant friendships. It was not easy to win his confidence and regard, but once won, there was no fear of their being capriciously withdrawn. He was a friend true and staunch—but his deepest and tenderest affection seemed given to his mother. Of her he often spoke with intense feeling—saying that the thought of her inspired and sustained him, in toil, sickness and manifold discouragements. I was deeply touched by reading, in an account of his last illness at Naples, that when a minister was called to his bedside, and he was asked if he desired him to pray—

"*Yes, pray for my poor mother,*" he said—thus proving that more than his own soul he loved *her*. There is something absolutely Christ-like in such a remembrance, at such an hour—and it is singularly characteristic of *him*. It seems to me peculiarly fitting that this the favorite and most perfect work of the sculptor, should be exhibited for the benefit of this beloved mother.

During the last year of the artist's life, the long delayed sunlight of prosperity began to descend in almost a Danaëan shower. Fame came, and money enough to lift the long-borne burden of debt from his shoulders, just ere he died—and to drive from his death chamber the haunting phantoms of want and care. That was all. He had no time to realize his own success—to rest in delicious ease, after the weary struggle, and gather strength for greater things.

It is too hard! We may moralize and Christianize upon it as we will—*it is too hard*. Had he lived but a few years longer, and been freed from the necessity,—a hard one he often felt it—of wasting his power on portrait-busts of travelling nobodies,—had his genius been recognized and recompensed before his physical energies were exhausted by anxious and unremitting toil, the world of art would have justified the warmest praise and the highest hopes of his friends. If some of his eleventh hour patrons (all honor to them, that they recognized him at last!) had but happened into his studio a little earlier, he might by their timely "aid and comfort" have been saved to his country, who, in him, has sustained a greater loss than she yet wots of.

But as W. always says, with a half philosophical, half childish sigh and shrug, of any utterly irremediable ill—"What's the use!"

Poor Bartholomew is gone, and the finest of the few works he has left us are but fair prophesies of incomparably finer might have-beens.

The "*Eve Repentant*" seems to me by far the greatest modern statue I have seen in this country. It is a singularly original and courageous piece of modeling—a noble figure, full of primeval strength and purity, and the wild, unconscious grace of nature. There is nothing conventional about it, in form, attitude, or expression—not even the shame facedness one looks for in a fallen Eve. I find no shame in all the figure—no consciousness of nudeness. The face is downcast—but in sad meditation, rather than in humiliation. There is no Magdaleneish deprecation in the attitude—the feet are drawn to one side—the hands flung together in an utter abandon of grief, for a sin she can yet scarce understand. The whole body grieves and deplores—the very hair seems to have a heavy, sorrowful flow down the drooping shoulders, from the lovely head, bowed by no meaner misfortune than the displeasure of God.

The face is, I hear, criticised by some, as not sad enough for the Niobe of all humanity. If one expects to see in it grief and remorse commensurate with "all the ills that flesh is heir to"—all the woe and sin, which, according to the strict, literal orthodox belief have followed that first transgression—he will be disappointed. Such a face would be too woeful, too fearful to look upon. The stony despair of Medusa—the piteous anguish of the dying Gladiator—the agony of the Laocoon group, ground to death by serpent coils, were nothing to the tremendous, concrete, far-reaching wretchedness of such a countenance. But the simple sorrowfulness of this face is enough for me. I hope it was sufficient for the occasion. I trust she felt no more of sin and shame, of remorse and fear than I find in this face and figure. Why need we think she did? Why need we suppose poor Eve a prophetess, of the Cassandra order, looking down the vast vista of the ages, and beholding all the graves, the prisons, the scaffolds, the battle-fields—all the millions of millions of her descendants—all their sin, their pain, their anguish—hearing all their sobbing and cursing, shrieks of fear and wild words of farewell?

As it is, this statue speaks almost through every line, the universal language of grief and loss, and without any excess of woe, or passionate appealing, its pathos finds its way to every heart. It is a purely human sadness; all who have drunk deeply of the bitter springs of life, have felt its like, and know it well. The sculptor himself, "learned in suffering" what he wrought in stone. The heavy sorrowfulness that brooded over his soul, at last took this beautiful, imperishable shape—the transfiguration of a melancholy life.

Twice of late we have been to the play—and on each occasion the word has seemed a frightful misnomer—the tragedy was so utterly tragic—quite unrelieved by the few desperate side-strokes of comedy, by faint attempts at dealing out poetic justice, and establishing the divine doctrine of compensation.

Two nights we "supped upon horrors"—and have not yet digested the monstrous repast.

Night First, we went to the Arch, to see the "*Iron Mask*"—not that of Dumas, but a very well written English drama, treating that fearful mystery of French history in somewhat the same manner, yet with a different ending—making the hero escape, after some twelve years of imprisonment—a *finale* which can only be accepted by such as are happily ignorant of the history of that vile, magnificent, splendid and horrible reign of *Louis le Grand*.

In the first acts, Louis de Bourbon, twin-brother of Louis XIV., but wholly ignorant of his exalted birth, is shown as an ardent and chivalric young lover—then as a gay gallant, plunging into the vortex of Parisian life. We see in him the lush growth and passionate out-flowering of a rich and royal manhood—all the more glorious that we know and he knows not, the impending blight and ruin. It is like a garden, on the slopes of Vesuvius, blooming and ripening for destruction. There is something awful in his gayety, so careless, so unconscious;—like the laughter of a child in a chamber of death.

The character was most fitly and effectively borne by Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., who has, I believe, in addition to his fine reputation as an actor, that of being the handsomest man now on the boards. It was a princely piece of acting throughout,—even the gloom of the dungeon, and the double imprisonment of the "Iron Mask," shutting out the light of heaven, and bending the proud manly form, failed to quench the bright flame of honor, to subdue the lofty and regnant spirit.

I have an idea that some sort of personal defect is after all, rather to be desired, than deprecated, for an actor, or an orator, as well as for an artist or a poet—often serving as the keenest spur of genius. With the smooth speech and faultless elocution of some of our small orators, would Demosthenes have ever been that Demosthenes whose eloquence has yet the grand tone and mighty sweep of the sea beside which he practised. With the beauty of Alcibiades would Socrates have sent so authoritative a voice of teaching down the ages!—would the spirit so resolutely have set its foot on the clay?—could it have been equal to that mournful, convivial occasion, when the martyred philosopher made "a night of it," with his friends—when, though denying them a share of his bitter wine, he made them drunk with his divine hope—when he drank himself into sublime oblivion of the ills, wrongs and smilles of life—when he fearlessly clasped the masker, called Death—tore off his hideous disguise, and held Immortality in his arms!

To poets, great personal beauty is oftener a snare and a hindrance than otherwise—as witness poor Burns. Milton seems an exception—but he was greatest after he was old and blind, and could no longer behold his own comeliness in those most lovely mirrors, the admiring eyes of women. His club foot was "no let" to Byron in climbing Parnassus, and Pope's crooked back, though it spoiled his temper, gave a finer power and intensity to his poetry. Pretty L. E. L., muse-like Felicia Hemans, magnificent Caroline Norton, have written sweet and beautiful things—but it took pale little Elizabeth Barrett, and plain, shy Charlotte Bronte to make the world hold its breath in wonder. Lovely Raphael Sanzio could never have, chiselled—hewn out the mighty Moses of *San Pietro in Vincoli*, with a brow like Mount Sinai, and a beard like an Alpine cascade—could never have heaved heavenward the dome of St. Peter's. It took knotty-headed, craggy-faced old Michael Angelo to do all that.

With dramatic artists, I think beauty is peculiarly apt to overrun power, and finally master it—becoming the principal instead of the accessory. True, the Kembles were graceful and grandiose, but the genius of the plain and under-sized Kean towered even above them, in an absolutely Titanesque grandeur. We who remember the elder Booth, remember how the lightnings of genius illuminated the ruins of his early beauty, even the broken bridge of his nose; and those who saw Ronconi in tragedy, can realize how insignificance can be made stately, how ugliness of the most hopeless kind may be triumphantly redeemed.

Well, I have wandered farther than I intended, gathering illustrations for my argument; what I meant, long back, to have said, was this: I think Mr. Wallack might have been a greater artist, if he were not so handsome a man. And yet, may his beauty never be less! It is of a gallant, large, manly type, and I saw no evidence of that omnipresent consciousness of comeliness and killingness so ineffably sickening in your pretty walking gentlemen, your small tragedy heroes of the stage.

A French musical critic once wished that he had irresistible powers of fascination, that he might win the love of happy, lazy Alboni, "break her heart, and make her the greatest singer the world ever saw."

If some little misfortune could befall not the heart, but the face or form of this handsome tragedian, and of his beautiful rival, young Edwin Booth,—throwing them both with desperate abandon on their genius alone,—why, two great artists might be the result.

That Mr. Wallack had received a noble share of the family inheritance I felt assured by marking his power deepen with the deepening tragedy. His voice has the quality which it seems Alboni's lacks—the tearful. It has tones of heart-searching pathos. For the first time for some years, hardened sinner that I am—I cried at a play. In the latter part of the drama the actor's beauty certainly did not aid him—for in the Iron Mask he was the most frightful, woful looking object you could imagine—and here he was greatest. Yet the remembrance of the happy glowing face, now in such total, doleful eclipse, of the proud, erect form, now tottering and bent, doubtless added much to the pathos and the tragedy.

Night second, we went to the Walnut, to see Mr. Dion Bourcicault in his play of "*The Phantom.*" There is little in the play but the one part of *The Phantom*, Sir Allan Raby, a murdered man, who has received a sort of false life, and lives on for a century, by preying on the lives and drinking the blood of others. In short, he is a Vampire,—not a hideous, bat-like creature, but a very gentlemanly, graceful personage, not unlike other men of quality, save in a death-like pallor and quietude—and a ghost-like manner of appearing and disappearing, and gliding about on his demoniac business. He has a fearful fascination—a resistless magnetic influence by which he first subjugates his victims.

Mr. Bourcicault, who is a finished artist, as well as a man of genius, gave the strange and monstrous character as, it seems to me, no one else could render it. He is a singularly graceful man—cool and quiet, with a subtle smile, finely cut features, and strange, deep eyes, full of the cold, piercing light of intellect and will. His voice in this part, at least, has an almost supernatural quality—it is not sepulchral, but it is dead—drained of all humanity,—it is bloodless. There is a strange remoteness about it at times,—it seems to have travelled leagues, and to have grown so deadly cold before reaching your ear. It is altogether unearthly—a ghostly voice.

But I must bring myself to a halt.

Au revoir, GRACE GREENWOOD.

ANOTHER STRAIN ON THE CABLE.

Says Billy to Joseph, "Your pardon I beg,
But why is the cable some like an egg?"
"Not at all," replied Joseph, "an egg it will float,
But the cable it sunk upon leaving the boat."
Then Billy, he answered, looking sober and staid,
That "the cable is like it because it is *laid*."

☞ CURIOUS OCCUPATION.—A "blind" man was looking with much apparent interest at the prints in Colnaghi's window. "Why, my friend," said we, "it seems you are not blind." "Blind! no, thank God, your honor," replied the man, "I have my blessed sight as well as another." "Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked we.—"Why, because I heducate dogs for blind men."

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,
Fall into shadow, soonest lost—
Those we love first are taken first.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

—*Tennyson.*

☞ When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.—*Shenstone.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE SKY CLEARING—A HANDSOME ROOM—STRAWS SHOWING THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS—A SEVERE DISAPPOINTMENT—A CURIOUS SUBJECT—THE ACHMOR BALATA—FREEDOM IN FRANCE—AN INGENIOUS PEDDLER.

Paris, February 10, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

As you will have seen by the last advices, the excitement in which the whole of Europe has been so anxiously participating for the last six weeks, is beginning to soften down under the combined effects of the Emperor's last speech, and of the strong manifestations of public opinion against the idea of a European war. Still, though the public mind is quieter, and funds are rising, it would be too much to assert that confidence is entirely restored. It is admitted on all hands that the danger exists; and that, unless diplomacy can contrive to disperse the elements of trouble, the storm, though delayed for a time, will burst at last. But the apprehension of an immediate outbreak having disappeared, it is hoped that peaceful measures will at once be resorted to; and, seeing how fearful would be the scenes of bloodshed and desolation that must follow an appeal to arms among nations armed to the teeth as are the various members of the European family, it can hardly be doubted that pacific councils will ultimately prevail.

The attitude of the English Parliament has doubtless done much to bring back a hope that war may be avoided; but much also of this turn in public sentiment is to be attributed to the speech of the Emperor Napoleon at the opening of the legislative session, on the 7th inst., in the magnificent new room, called the *Salle des Etats*, which has just been completed for that purpose in the new part of the Louvre. This noble hall is 168 feet long, 84 wide, and 58 high. It is lighted by 3 rows of windows, one above the other, the upper range being circular. A gallery, supported on gilt columns, runs round the greater part of it. At the upper end is a raised platform, reached by six steps, and on it the throne is placed. On a level with the platform is a tribune for the Empress, the Imperial Princesses and their suites. The decorations of the hall will consist when finished, of paintings, gilding, and marbles of various colors, the latter being at present imitated in painting. The ceiling is in five compartments; in the centre is Civilisation raising a cross surrounded by a halo, enlightening the world. At her sides are Justice and Force, with the Genius of Laws and Philosophy. France, under an eagle with outspread wings, sits on a throne; and near her are Abundance and Generosity. Other allegorical groups representing Algeria, the Genius of History, Prudence, Science, Benevolence, &c., with Joan of Arc, and other worthies fill the other compartments; and an equestrian statue of Charlemagne presides over one of the two principal entrances, while Napoleon I., with a group of veterans, mounts guard over the other.

On the day of the opening, the members of the ruling bodies, of the bar, the Institute, &c., were all congregated in this hall wearing their rich uniforms; the Diplomatic Corps, and their wives being also present. The Empress and Princess Clotilda were in bonnets and walking-dress, and arrived by way of the long gallery, followed by their suites; the other ladies were in evening-dress. The Emperor came in last, and having taken his seat on the throne, with the Imperial Princes on the other hand, the Grand Master, in grand uniform, and in a grandiloquent voice, desired everybody to be seated; after which his Majesty rose and read the speech whose impudent expressions of surprise at the panic created by himself are overlooked in the satisfaction which its pacific character has called forth. Every word which spoke of peace, and asserted its maintenance to be the aim of the Imperial Government, was enthusiastically cheered; and on its conclusion the Emperor and his family withdrew. It was noticed, with some surprise, and small pleasure, that the Princes Lucien and Joachim Murat (who, though cousins of the Emperor, are not included among the members of the family "holding rank at Court," and are consequently styled "Highness" only, not "Imperial Highness" as are Jerome Bonaparte and Prince Napoleon) were seated on this occasion on a line with the Emperor, and the "Imperial Princes," instead of being left, as formerly, in the background. In the present excited state of the public mind, this symptom of a disposition to put the Murat family into a more conspicuous position, is regarded as showing that designs on Naples are probably not forgotten; and people shrug their shoulders and wonder whether schemes of a dangerous character for the public quiet are not still caressed by their autocratic master, despite the present lull in the political heavens. Precious result of the blind fury which, in its rage against the tares of the political wheat-field, has torn up tares and wheat together; and which, having left it void alike of the old landmarks as of the old abuses, has yielded the soil to the caprices of a self-imposed master! For it is impossible to question the power of the Emperor to plunge the country in an unwelcome war, should such be his good pleasure, and thus to drag all Europe into a conflict which every member of the European family, except perhaps Sardinia, most anxiously desires to avert. It is so far satisfactory that the public sentiment of France, notwithstanding the gagging system now in force here, has managed to give itself so effectual an utterance; and that the Emperor, despite his seemingly uncontrolled supremacy, has yet felt himself compelled, by the very necessities of his position, to modify his course in accordance with the wishes of his subjects.

The arrival of Prince Napoleon and his bride, escorted through Paris by a grand display of troops, has been of course the signal for a good deal of gaiety. The newly-married pair drove at once to the Tuileries, where the Emperor met them, and kissed the bride at the bottom of the grand staircase, the Empress meeting and kissing her at the top. After a short stay, during which all the officers and ladies of the Imperial Household were presented to the young Princess in the White Saloon, the pair proceeded to the Palais Royal, Prince Jerome's residence, and the headquarters of his son, where the ex-King received his new daughter at the door of her carriage, embracing her most affectionately, and where a grand dinner was prepared in her honor. The young Princess has been so little seen as yet, that public opinion is still undecided on the momentous question of the amount of personal beauty possessed by her. The last ball at the Tuileries would, it was thought, have settled that point, but unluckily for courtly and public curiosity, the Princess was too much fatigued to appear; and her husband was absent also. Perhaps he was at home enacting the part, so foreign to his habits, of a faithful and affectionate spouse. The Emperor being laid up with a touch of his habitual tormentor, rheumatic gout, the ball was a very dull affair; and every one went away with a feeling of having lost an evening.

While fears of coming trouble, and echoes of courtly festivities have been keeping Paris on the *qui vive*, a certain M. Pouchet, well known here as a persevering investigator in the field of science, has been electrifying the academicians by submitting to that learned body an account of certain experiments of his which he conceives to show that infusoria and cryptogamic vegetation are self-developed under certain circumstances. Having enclosed bits of hay, carefully dried in an oven, in glass phials hermetically sealed; M. Pouchet placed these phials in an oven heated to one hundred degrees of Reaumur, and left them there for several hours. The phials were then taken from the oven, and left in his laboratory. After a few days, minute fungi were perceptible upon the straws contained in them; and after the lapse of a few more days, infusoria made their appearance on these fungi. M. Milne Edwards and others have strongly opposed the conclusions of M. Pouchet, contending that the hay was probably damp, and contained germs of the infusoria and fungi subsequently developed; that it is impossible to prove the temperature attained by the hay in the phials; and that the phials were probably insufficiently stopped, and allowed air to enter the phials, thus carrying in the germs of the living organizations subsequently found in them. M. Pouchet has replied to these objections by disproving them, as he thinks; and offers to repeat his experiments in presence of all members of the body who will come to his laboratory. It is certainly a singular fact that, while his laboratory is full of other phials containing sperms of an immense number of infusoria and germs of fungi of many different species, the insects and fungi developed in the sealed phials with the bits of hay are not only different from all those contained in the other phials, but are actually different from all as yet known, and constitute an entirely new species of their respective orders. The discussion of this interesting question has attracted much attention, and M. Mantegazza, of Milan, has just sent in to the Academy, a paper on "The Generation of Infusoria," containing an account of experiments made by him, and which would seem to confirm M. Pouchet's contested assertions as to their spontaneous production.

M. Serres has also communicated to a learned society called the "Club of the Scientific Press," certain facts relating to the *Achras balata*, which are not without interest. This tree grows wild in Guiana, Martinique, and the other islands of the West Indies, where its wood is used for building. The juice of the balata, dried, forms a light, spongy, rose-colored mass, which crumbles when rubbed between the fingers. A cake of this substance, which has been recently received at the museum of Colonial Produce in this city, from the Governor of French Guiana, is covered with a matter resembling curdled milk, the outer pellicle of which has hardened under the action of the atmosphere. M. Serres having been requested to examine it, was at first disappointed at finding that although it could be moulded into various forms by the aid of hot water, it became brittle again when dry. But a more attentive examination showed him that this want of cohesion was owing to a peculiar fatty substance contained in the juice, and after several attempts he succeeded in purifying it. The substance thus obtained is more supple and elastic than gutta percha, but less able to resist traction. It softens at a higher temperature than the former, and does not become brittle at any temperature. M. Serres considers it preferable to gutta percha for moulding, and for the covering of telegraphic wires.

So busy and so sharp as are the French *savans* in the investigation of natural science, it is not a little curious to meet with the instances, so constantly occurring, of superstition on the one hand, and of mental and moral servitude on the other. Take, for instance, a case which has recently been tried in the Correctional Police Court of Colmar. A certain Jacques Bessner, who is a pensioner in the asylum of that place, and turns, moreover, an honest penny by acting as porter or messenger when he gets the chance of so doing, having lent to a friend of his, a shoemaker, named Cormeille, a tract entitled "The Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures on the Worship of Mary," and the tract in question being against this worship, the luckless pensioner was summoned before the Court to answer to the charge of "peddling books without a license," which certainly would never have been brought against him, had the tract not been unpalatable to the priests. The counsel for the accused urged in vain that the law which requires all books or printed tracts to be stamped with the official *imprimatur* before sale, is only applicable to those who hawk these objects about for sale, and not to those who merely lend them, as was the case in this instance; but evidently just as was this plea, the Court overruled it, and Jacques Bessner, who had merely lent the tract to his friend, was actually fined fifty francs and costs. An appeal has, however, been entered against this monstrous decision, which would assimilate a friendly and social act (the mere lending of a book to an acquaintance) to the peddling of books for the purposes of trade, and a new trial will shortly be obtained by the defendant, the issue of which, however, it is impossible to foresee. But just imagine such a thing as the creating of a legal necessity for a stamped "permit," not only before you can remove a bottle of wine, as at present, from your own cellar to that of your brother, or your next door neighbor (an instance of which "necessity" was given in one of my recent letters,) but before a housewife can lend a neighbor her cookery-book, or her husband borrow a pamphlet or a newspaper from his most intimate friend!

But if the French people are content to live in an atmosphere of political and intellectual restraint, they are surpassed by no other in the sharpness of the small dodges they pass off upon one another. Thus, a few days ago, a peddler who is in the habit of selling his wares over a pretty wide district, was about to take a lift on the railway between Tours and Saumur, with his wife and his empty pack, the latter being destined to undergo a replenishing at Saumur. All at once it struck the peddler that, as their funds were very low just then, and the replenishing of the pack at Saumur would take all their available resources, it would be a capital thing to put his wife, who was a little woman, and particularly lean, into the pack, and so get her conveyed to the place of destination in the baggage-van, instead of having to pay the price of a second place in the luxurious third class carriage in which he himself would travel. The pack of the French peasant is really a queer-shaped basket, called a *crochet*, which is slung over the shoulders, and hangs down the back. Being long, though somewhat narrow, it is quite possible to stow a smallish human being inside one of these *crochets*, provided she be not afflicted with crinoline. The feasibility and desirableness of the plan was fully appreciated by the peddler's wife, and she lost no time in ensconsing herself in the *crochet*, where, with the peddler's aid, she was closely covered up with a bit of old canvas, that effectually disguised the trick, giving her the appearance of a bundle of rags. The peddler then lifted his burden on to his back, and trudged off to the station, where he took a ticket for himself, and having registered his spouse as "baggage," saw the *crochet* safely deposited in the baggage van, and took his seat in the carriage with an exulting heart.—When the train reached Saumur, the peddler hastened to get possession of his "baggage," which had thus performed the journey from Tours to Saumur for the sum of two *sous*. The railway porter, on taking out the shabby-looking luggage, tumbled it about in a way that must have seriously interfered with the comfort of its contents, and was proceeding to sling it over his shoulder in so very unceremonious a manner, that the peddler, alarmed for the success of his trick, was fain to take possession of his *crochet*, bribing the porter with the price of a "petit verre," made a bold dash for the door with his better half on his back, and was lucky enough to get off without inspection at the *octroi*. But no sooner had he escaped from the "magic circle" of the railway station, than he deposited the *crochet* on the ground, and lost no time in releasing from her durance the partner of his fortunes, the two being in ecstacies over the success of their *ruse*, and scampering off, amid the shouts and laughter of the bystanders, as fast as their legs could carry them. QUANTUM.

THE BODY OF THE LOST BALLOONIST, THURSTON, FOUND.—The Toledo Blade, of the 8th inst., has an account of the discovery of the long missing body of Thurston, the balloonist, who, last September, was taken up suddenly, owing to the removal of the car ropes and other weights, while Mr. Thurston was trying to open the valve, he sitting upon it, and he dying only to the cords of the balloon. A boy discovered the body in the woods, only ten miles from the place where the balloon ascended.

There were portions of a human body scattered around near a tree. Close by the tree, and imbedded in the earth, was found the jaw-bone, broken, and matted hair, partly in the earth. About two rods from the tree was found one of the boots of the person, containing a foot nearly perfect, but much decomposed, and a portion of the shin bone, with flesh adhering to it. The boot had been gnawed, and evidently the flesh had been eaten by wild animals. The other boot was near by. Portions of the spine were also found scattered about, and several of the nails, teeth, &c., and parts of the skull were lying near. The clothes were, however, the means of identifying the body; they being not so much destroyed but that their texture could be discovered. But all doubt as to identity was set at rest by finding in his pocket a letter directed to him. It was from a Philadelphia house, in reply to some inquiries he had made about silk for a balloon, with card and memorandum of various kinds. Some of the pretended spirit revelations were, that Thurston reached the earth alive, and was then in a nearly inaccessible hut in the St. Clair marshes; and the latest was that the exact locality of his body had been found; that the force of the fall had buried it deep in the soft marsh—that a pole thrust down had brought up hair from the head of the unfortunate man; that the water and soft earth had filled the hole so rapidly that an excavation to the body could not be made without curbing, which would be done as soon as ice was formed sufficiently strong to permit the work to progress with safety!

A boy, about twelve years of age, on the 16th of September last, saw something fall in that piece of woods. His attention was attracted by a peculiar whistling noise, as of some large bird passing over, and looked up in time to see something fall among the trees. He thought it must have been a paper balloon, and started after it; but after going a part of the way, he returned to the house and tried to get an elder brother to go with him to the woods after the paper balloon. He was laughed at for wanting to go so far after a bit of paper, and finally gave it up. It now seems that a neighbor's boy saw the balloon pass over at the same time, at a great height, and supposed it to be a kite; but having doubts about it, asked the family "how high a kite could fly?" describing at the same time the object he had seen.

THE Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature to whom was referred the petition of Mrs. Emily L. Fry, (daughter of Mr. John Grigg,) for divorce from her husband, Mr. Horace B. Fry, have decided to report a bill granting the petition.

MRS. SICKLES has returned to New York, and will reside in a house at Bloomingdale, the use of which is granted to her by Mr. Sickles, as long as she remains under her father's protection. Her little daughter will, for the present, remain with her.

A CHEMIST, at Lyons, has discovered the means of removing, instantaneously, from the hands the stains produced by nitrate of silver, in photography. It is simply to put linseed in the water used.

☞ Little Junior, a bright and thoughtful fellow of four summers, awoke the other morning, and, turning to his grandmother, said, "Grandma, I dreamed I had a carriage last night!" "Did you?" said she; "well, what did you do with it?" "Oh," said he, in his thoughtful manner, "I left it in the *dream-house!*"

THE DESERTER:
OR,
BLUCHER'S JUDGMENT.

Few were the youths throughout the kingdom of Prussia that were allowed to stay at home in the eventful year of 1813. A war, more terrible, more vindictive than any one that had ever visited the continent of Europe, was raging through the land, and the country could spare none of its defenders. Also the king had called his people to arms by means of that famous proclamation which will be considered for evermore as one of the noblest documents in German history. They were true to the call—old and young; they left their homes, rushed to their colors, took up arms, and never laid them down till they had driven the enemy under the very walls of Paris.

The inhabitants of Silesia, well known for their loyalty and patriotism, had not stood behind amidst the general enthusiasm. There was not a family in the province that had not contributed its contingent to the national affair; and many a heart was throbbing painfully whenever a new intelligence was spread of another of those dreadful battles which, by ridding the country from an odious enemy, threw sorrow and affliction upon many a quiet and peaceable home.

On a sultry summer evening, in the year before mentioned, an old woman was sitting before her humble cottage in the little Silesian village of Burnheim. She had put the distaff aside, and was reading the Bible, which lay opened on her knees. Whilst she was repeating the holy words in an under-tone to herself, her ears caught the sound of quick footsteps, and a long shadow emerged from behind the cottage. The old woman trembled violently; the moment afterwards her uplifted eyes fell upon the figure of a handsome and well-made lad, in a military attire.

"How are you, mother?"

She rose, and threw her trembling arms around his neck. "God be thanked, my boy, that I see thee again! But how pale and haggard thou lookest." She went on, after a pause: "To be sure, thou must be very tired, and very hungry too!"

She led him in the room to the old arm-chair, and urged him to sit down and repose himself a little, while she herself would prepare him some supper.

"What did he like best? Should she make him an omelet, or roast a chicken? Oh, it was no trouble at all! Dear me, how could he talk of trouble? she was but too glad to do anything for her own dear boy. Yes, she would go and get him a chicken."

The old woman, all bustle and activity, left the room.

The youth did not betray so much pleasure at this hearty reception from his aged parent as might have been expected. He was restless and ill at ease; it seemed as if something was heavily weighing upon his heart; and when his wandering eye fell upon the portrait of his deceased father, which was hanging right over the chimney-piece, presenting that worthy gentleman in the stiff uniform worn by the king's *garde du corps* half a century ago, he felt as if the old sergeant was looking at him with a grim frown upon his honest countenance; just as if he experienced a hearty inclination to step out of his worm-eaten, rosewood frame, to seize the old knotted hazel stick in the corner, with the brass nob at top, and to apply it to the back of his offspring for half an hour or so; as, in fact, he had been in the habit of doing many a day in his lifetime, some eight or ten years ago. His restless son felt so much overcome by this latter reflection that, when the old woman came bustling in again, after the lapse of some minutes, with the chicken under her apron, she found her own dear boy with his head in his hands, leaning listlessly upon the table.

He sat up when she came in, but did not look at her. The old woman became attentive. In the joy of her heart, she had never thought yet of asking him any questions except those concerning his appetite. Now, it began to strike her that the present period was rather a strange time for a soldier to be on leave of absence.

"Charles!"—No answer.

The old woman trembled violently. She dropped her burden, and walked straight up to him. Her honest, wrinkled countenance was full of anxiety and apprehension. Looking him full in the face, and clapping her hands together, she cried out in an agony: "So help me God, Charles, you are a deserter!"

"I couldn't stand it any longer, mother," uttered her wretched son, in a broken voice, by way of apology.

"You couldn't stand it!" said the old woman, exasperated beyond all measure; "you couldn't stand it! and hundreds of thousands of your brethren do! Fy, for shame!" and with her old, honest, trembling hand, she gave him a smack on the face.

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man starting up, with the blood rushing to his face.

"Fy, for shame!" she went on, without heeding him in the least, "to bring such a disgrace upon the whole village! What would *he* say!"—she pointed to where the old warrior was hanging over the chimney-piece, whose stern countenance, illuminated by the rays of the evening sun, seemed indeed to assume an unusual expression of solemn indignation. "Sit down, sit down, I say! you—deserter! It shall not be said that your dead father's house, in the village of Burnheim, is a place of refuge for runaways, whilst the whole country is up in arms! Don't you stir, sir! I'll be back in a minute;" and with this, the brave old woman left the room, locking the door after her.

She was not alone when she came back about half an hour afterwards; the country parson, the schoolmaster, the country judge, and half-a-dozen more of the dignitaries of the village, were with her. The little room was quite full when all these distinguished visitors had entered it. Charles sat in the old arm-chair, quite motionless, his face covered with both his hands.

The honest villagers had made up their minds at once what to do with the deserter; they looked upon his crime as an ignominy, by which he had not only disgraced himself, but also their community at large, and they were not the men to put up with such an affront. The schoolmaster, who was a politician, and subscribed for a newspaper, having informed them that the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief of the army were but about two days' march from the village, they had resolved at once to escort him thither. The judge proclaimed the young man a prisoner in the name of his majesty the king, and called upon him to follow him to a place of security for the night, as on the following morning they would in a body convey him to his excellency the field marshal General Blucher. He rose and followed them without opposition. When they were all gone, the old woman took up the Holy Scriptures once more; but it was in vain that she strove to read: her eyes grew dim, and the letters were all swimming confusedly before them, so she put it down again and wept bitterly.

Early on the following morning a strange procession was seen emerging from the little village of Burnheim—four old peasants escorting one young soldier. The country judge, with grave airs, marched ahead of them, whilst the schoolmaster, who had obstinately insisted upon accompanying the expedition, brought up the rear. The prisoner, with downcast eyes and fallen countenance, was walking between the two other patriots; and as he had pledged his word not to make any attempt at flight, they had consented to leave his hands untied. When the expedition, after a day's march, put up for the night in a small hamlet, they were told that all the villages around were crammed full with Frenchmen, so they were obliged to make a long roundabout way: and it was not before the morning of the fifth day after their departure that they reached head-quarters.

"Where is the residence of the commander-in-chief?" asked they of one of the ordinance-officers, who were galloping through the streets in every direction.

"Why, in the chateau, to be sure, where the two hussars were mounting guard on horseback."

When they had entered the yard, they were not in the least discouraged at the sight of whole scores of adjutants, and orderly-officers of every rank and arm, all of whom seemed to have some urgent business with the commander-in-chief; for no sooner had any of them been despatched, than he was seen mounting again, and tearing away with his horse's belly to ground. It never entered their heads for one moment that the general might consider their own business to be of a somewhat similar importance, although the schoolmaster argued from what he saw that something of consequence was going on just now. The worthy man was right so far; the commander-in-chief was about to give battle on the following day. When they had been waiting patiently for a couple of hours, and began to feel somewhat tired and hungry, the country judge, conscious of the importance of his mission, ventured at last to accost one of the officers of the general's staff who was passing by with a packet of sealed letters in his hand; but that hasty functionary did not even stop to give ear to the address of the head man of the rural deputation, but merely grumbled something about the propriety of their going to Jericho—or further.

Our worthy inhabitants of Burnheim, however, were not the men to give way so soon, and renewed the charge accordingly. This time it was a middle-aged man with a benevolent countenance, whom they made acquainted with their request to see the field-marshal on most urgent business.

"Why, they had chosen their time rather badly, indeed; the general was extremely busy. Couldn't one of the secretaries do as well?"

"By no means; they must see the general himself."

"Was it an information concerning the enemy which they wanted to deliver?"

"Oh, no; something much more important—from Burnheim," added the schoolmaster.

The middle-aged officer with the benevolent countenance laughed, and said he would try. After the lapse of about half an hour, he came back, and beckoned to them to follow. They were ushered into an ante-room, and directed to wait for his excellency.

The door opened after another half hour's waiting, and an old man with gray hairs, iron-cut features, and bright eyes, entered the room; it was the commander-in-chief, *Old Father Blucher*, as the soldiers called him. The country judge stepped forward, and bowing very low, delivered the speech about which he had been pondering ever since they had left their native place, and which, of course, he thought to be very eloquent. He stated all that has been told already in the course of this narrative; how the deserter's own mother had given information of her son's crime; how they had resolved at once to bring him back to head-quarters; and concluded his address with a hope that his excellency would not be induced to think worse of their village because of one that had rendered himself unworthy of the name of a Prussian. The tears came trickling down his honest cheeks.

The general looked very grave indeed. Those large bright eyes of his roamed for an instant over his rural audience with a strange expression. He knew at a glance what sort of men they were he had to deal with; then his looks rested for a while on the bent figure of the young man, who, with downcast eyes and care-worn face, appeared the very image of misery and dejection. He knew his case to be a hopeless one; deserting colors in time of war is a capital crime, and Father Blucher, with his iron will, was the last man in the world to be trifled with.

On a sudden, the features of the old hero assumed an expression of harshness. Turning round towards the speaker of this singular deputation, he said in a rough voice and in a very abrupt manner,

"Mr. Judge, you are an ass."

The villagers started as if they had been stung. After all the anxiety and trouble they had undergone for the cause which they considered to be a just one, they had expected a somewhat more cordial reception.

"But your excellency"—remonstrated the amazed dignitary.

"Hold your tongue, I say: you are an ass. I know better; *in Burnheim there are no runaways.* And you, my son," he went on with his iron features relenting a little, and with that same strange expression in his large bright eyes, "you will show them to-morrow, on the battle-field, what a Burnheim man can do; will you not?"

The young man dropped down on his knees, and was stammering a few broken words, which the general did not hear, however, for when the lad rose again with high flushed cheek and sparkling eyes—a far different man—Blucher had already left the room.

The worthy peasants, whose perceptive faculties were by no means equal to their honesty, began at last to get a glimpse of the general's real meaning. The country judge was the first to throw his cap high into the air, and to give three hearty cheers for Father Blucher; who, with one single word, had extinguished what they considered a stain from their beloved village, comforted the broken heart of a mother, and preserved a pair of arms for the defence of the country—arms that could not fail to do their duty now.

When they had given vent to their enthusiasm after their hearts' content, and taken leave of the young man, who was carried away by an aid-de-camp of the general's staff, they made up their minds to buy some provisions in the place, and to return again to the village. They had, however, scarcely reached the yard, when they were overtaken by the same middle-aged officer who had announced them to the commander-in-chief, and asked them what in Heaven's name they were going to do now.

"Why, going back again, to be sure. To Burnheim, you know!" elucidated the schoolmaster.

And did they think that his excellency would allow anybody to leave head-quarters without having had a dinner first? He had already given orders to that effect, and they had but to follow this non-commissioned officer here, who would show them the way.

They needed not to be told twice, we may be sure; and when they were shown into a kitchen-room, where dinner was served up for them, with a bottle of wine standing before each cover, they felt very grateful to his excellency, and very proud at the same time because of the honor shown to the representatives of their village. But when each of them found a double Frederick's d'or under his plate, their enthusiasm burst out afresh, and many were the healths drunk to the welfare of Old Father Blucher.

When they had all eaten and drunk their fill, and were about to take their leave, they fell in once more with their friend the middle-aged officer, who gave them some advice concerning the best way of reaching their village without running any danger; for, as he said, the coming day would be an eventful one. He accompanied them through the yard to the gateway, where he bade them farewell, pointing, as he left, to one of the hussars who was mounting guard on horseback before the gate.

By heavens, it was their prisoner, the boy Charles, now fully pardoned by his excellency the commander-in-chief. How proud he looked, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes! He dared not address them, for he was on duty; but he looked at them, as much as to say:—"Wait, and you shall see to-morrow!"

Nor was he faithless to the vow. On the evening of the following day, the memorable 26th of August, when the bloody victory at the Katzbach was gained, and the field-marshal rode through the thinned ranks of his men, who greeted him with enthusiastic cheers, he was addressed by the commanding-officer of the 21st Hussars; who reported, how greatly the private, Charles Fisher, had distinguished himself above all the rest, having taken a standard from the enemy, and made prisoner, with his own hands, the commander of the French regiment.

The field-marshal stopped his horse, and taking the iron cross from his own uniform, and affixing it, with his own hands, to the breast of the young man, said, with a cheerful voice, and with that same strange expression in his large, bright eyes: "Well done, my son! I knew I was right; *in Burnheim there are no runaways!*"

Lord Brougham's French.—A wedding party returning to a village from Cannes, passed by the grounds of the French chateau, which the noble lord then inhabited, when suddenly the ears of the merry folks were assailed by the most horrible sounds. The good people crouched together in abject terror and awaited events. Presently there issued from a shaded walk into the full moonlight the well-known figure of Lord Brougham. With vehement gestures he pronounced an oration in a language unknown to mortals. It was an excruciating concentration of the most discordant sounds. One of the party, the village school-master, a man of learning, whispered that Milor was speaking in the Chaldean tongue, and was invoking the spirits. Whereupon the affrighted peasants took to their heels, pursued by stones, which his lordship (thinking the disturbance was created by an unfriendly cat) hurled in the direction of their retreat. To this day the villagers in question look with awe on the chatean and its master. The simple fact of the case was that the noble owner was merely repeating a speech in French, which he intended shortly to deliver to the Paris Institute.

☞ A Plea for the Beardless.—In the year 1586, the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V. on his exaltation to the Papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an ambassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, sir, did your master want men, by sending me an ambassador without a beard?" "If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a *goat*, and not a *gentleman*, as I am."

☞ Marshal Grammont was avaricious, but witty. Twenty musicians, one day played beneath his window. After they had gone through a variety of pieces, he opened his window, and cried out,—"How many are there of you?"—"There are twenty," they replied, expecting a liberal donation. "Then I thank you all twenty, very humbly," and he closed the window.

OVER THE WAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GEORGE W. COOK.

Over the way a maiden sitteth,
Sewing and singing the whole day long;
Day after day, as swift time flitteth,
Floats on the zephyr her merry song!

Ralph once was light as the chirping cricket,
Whistling, he walked to his work each day,
Now he shys past by the vine-clad wicket,
Glancing at her who sits over the way!

Once was the song of the golden robin,
Never once still through the long spring day;
Now is he mute, and, his red head bobbin',
Lists to his rival over the way!

I, too, look over, and, always dancing
Bright in the sun does her needle play;
Am I in love?—ha! I'm only glancing,
Glancing at her who sings over the way!

THE PAGE AND THE PRINCESS.*

BY MISS PARDOE.

PART I.

On the 4th of October, 1788, and at precisely eight o'clock in the morning, a man made his appearance at the residence of M. Dietrich, the principal magistrate of the city of Strasbourg. The servant who announced him was as pale as a corpse, and trembled in every limb.

"What is the matter with you, Frank?" asked his master.

"Sir," stammered the valet.

"Answer me instantly."

"Sir, it is the public executioner."

"Desire him to come in, and then leave us," was the calm reply.

When Frank had closed the door behind him this man moved a pace or two forward; and then, as was customary, knelt down. The expression of his face was serious, but calm and decided.

"About a week since," commenced the man, "that is, *monseigneur*, at one o'clock in the morning of the 27th of September last, I was in bed in the lone house given to me by the city, when I heard a loud knocking at the outer door. My old housekeeper, who had been awakened by the noise, had already gone to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, and had ultimately opened it, believing that my services were required, as is frequently the case, by some one who was suffering from an accident; while, acting under the same impression, I hastened to put on my clothes. Soon, however, I became aware that the poor helpless old woman was struggling with some persons who were threatening to shoot her. 'Kill me if you will,' I heard her say; 'but do not harm my master.' 'We shall do him no injury,' was the reply; 'we mean him none. On the contrary, he will be well paid if he consents to do what we require; but if he values his life he *must* do so, or take the consequences upon himself.' By this time, *monseigneur*, I was dressed; and I was about to go down stairs to ascertain what was required of me, when two men in masks rushed into my room, which chanced at that moment to be flooded with moonlight. In an instant I procured a lamp, and demanded to know their business; nor do I seek to deny that I was considerably agitated when I saw a brace of pistols pointed at my head and breast, as I began to apprehend that I was about to become the victim of their violence. I entreated my mysterious visitors to spare my life; alleging, and with truth, that I had never injured a human being, save in the fulfilment of my onerous office. 'Your life is in no danger,' was the assurance which I received in reply to my supplication, 'on condition that you implicitly obey our orders; but, should you hesitate, even for an instant, you will not see another dawn. Select the best and sharpest of your weapons; allow us quietly to blindfold you; remain silent, and follow us.' As the pistols were still pointed towards me, resistance was useless; and I was compelled to submit. When a thick handkerchief had been carefully and skillfully bound over my eyes, I was lifted into a carriage and seated between the two strangers, who had no sooner warned my terrified housekeeper that should she mention to any one, be it whom it might, the event which had just taken place, my life would be the forfeit of her indiscretion, than the horses were urged into a gallop, and, powerless as a child, I could only offer up a silent prayer for protection and support. I could not form the faintest idea of the direction in which we were travelling; I could only calculate that the journey occupied eighteen or twenty hours. At its close I was lifted out of the carriage with the same precaution as I had been placed in it; and then each of my companions grasping one of my arms, I was hurried forward. After walking on a level surface for several minutes, we ascended a flight of stairs, which, from the echoing of our footsteps, I am convinced must have been both wide and lofty; and, finally, we reached a spacious saloon, where the bandage was removed from my eyes. It was still daylight, but the sun was about to set, which satisfied me that my calculation of time had been a correct one. An abundant and luxurious meal was placed before me, but I remarked the almost total absence of wine from the table, as my long and rapid journey, and the pressure of the handkerchief across my forehead, had produced upon me an almost agonising thirst.

"When the darkness closed in I was desired to arm myself with the weapon which I had previously been directed to select, and to hold myself ready to decapitate the person whom I had been conveyed thither to execute; but, even unhappily accustomed as I had been for years to fulfil my dreary duties under the sanction of the law; and aware, as I could not fail to be from the first, of the purpose for which my presence was required, now that the moment of trial had actually arrived, my whole soul revolted at what I at once felt to be a murder; and consequently, with as much energy as I could command, I refused to obey.

"'Decide promptly,' said a voice which I then heard for the first time; and there was a cruel calmness in its every accent which chilled my very blood; 'your refusal will not save the culprit, and you will instantly share her fate.'

"It was then a woman whom I was about to launch into eternity! Oh, *monseigneur*, you would have pitied even me at that moment—a woman who, for aught I could tell, might be guiltless of all crime, and the mere victim of another's hate. Vainly, however, did I protest and entreat; I was compelled to yield to a force which I was unable to resist—the sin was heavy on my soul, but I had no alternative. My sword was placed in my hand; a black veil was thrown over my head; and I was forced onward through several apartments, evidently of great size. At length my guide stopped in an immense hall; the veil was removed, and I saw before me, in the centre of the vast and chilling space, a scaffold about three feet in height, upon which rested a block covered with black velvet, while a thick layer of red sawdust was strewn on the uncarpeted floor. I trembled in every limb. Never throughout my whole career had I been so utterly unmanned. Whose life was I about to take? What fearful and irremediable crime was I about to commit? I had but little time to ask myself these questions; for a few seconds only had elapsed since my own entrance into that fatal hall, when the victim was borne towards the scaffold in the arms of several men. It was a woman of unusual height, and of the most dazzling fairness; her luxuriant hair, of pale auburn, was confined by a scarf of black crape; she was uncovered to the waist, and the rest of her body was thrust into a black velvet sack, which was tied under her feet, thus leaving only her bust exposed. Her hands were bound together with a cord of purple silk, and she was closely masked. The wretched woman uttered no shriek, no supplication, which added to the horror of the spectacle; this mute despair, as I then considered it, being strange and unnatural; but she had scarcely been lifted up to the scaffold, when I discovered that she was closely gagged! The men who held her, eight or ten in number, had no sooner laid her down upon the scaffold than they withdrew a few paces—their wretched victim bent her head unresistingly upon the block—and in another instant all was over!

"Pity me, *monseigneur*, for assuredly a grievous crime was consummated by my hand; and ere long I look to learn that the Courts of Europe will be thrown into mourning."

"What ensued?" demanded M. Diedrich.

"My frightful office done," pursued the headsman; "I was not even allowed time to wipe the blood from my sword; another performed that duty for me; while I was hastily conducted back to the saloon, where food had been before provided for me, and where I now found the table crowded with the rarest wines. I seated myself for an instant in order to regain composure, but I was too sick at heart to avail myself of the proffered refreshments; and in a short time my masked companions and myself were once more in the carriage. We travelled on without halting, save to change horses at the several stages where relays had evidently been awaiting us, and where we were never detained beyond a few minutes, throughout that night and part of the following day; and in about twenty hours as before, we stopped in front of my own house, where I was assisted to alight, and a canvas bag containing two hundred louis was placed in my hands. I have brought them with me, *monseigneur*, that you may make whatever use of them you think best. I was then warned never to reveal any circumstance connected with the event in which I had been so unwillingly and fatally an actor, on peril of my life, and assured that if I obeyed this injunction, my silence should be richly compensated; 'while if, on the contrary, you seek to penetrate a mystery in which you cannot have an interest, and to which you can never obtain a clue,' added one of my companions, 'the very attempt will prove your own destruction, as well as that of those to whom you have been rash enough to confide your secret.' With this assurance the strangers drove off, leaving me standing in the road. I waited a short time, listening to the sound of the receding wheels; and then, as it died away in the distance, I withdrew the handkerchief, and joyfully crossed the threshold of my own home.

"I have now told you all, *monseigneur*. You know every detail of the mysterious and tragical history with which my conscience was so overburdened that I could no longer sustain its weight alone. If I have offended against the law, I must submit to pay the penalty of my crime; but should you feel that I only yielded to an insurmountable necessity, suffer me to hope that I may not forfeit the protection and favor which I have for many years struggled to merit by counter balancing the hateful duties of my office by deeds of charity towards my fellow creatures."

M. Diedrich had listened with interest to the revelations of the headsman; but when the latter drew the money from his bosom and held it towards him, he became alarmed. It had at once been evident to him that the suspicion of the man was a correct one, and that the individual who had been put to death was no common victim. Instigated, therefore, by this conviction, and by no means indifferent that any recipient of the formidable secret would share the fate of him who had revealed it, he refused to risk the responsibility of accepting such a charge, and desired not only that the money should be retained by its present owner, but also that he should not divulge to any one the fact of his having mentioned its existence to himself.

"Be it as you will, *monseigneur*," said his visitor; "I shall, in that case, expend it in masses for the victim who fell by my hand, and in alms to the poor. It is only by doing so that I can regain peace of mind and conscience."

He then signed the depositions that he had made, and withdrew.

M. Diedrich was no sooner alone, than he placed this extraordinary document under cover, and despatched it by a courier to the Baron de Breteuil, who was, at that period, Prime Minister. A fortnight elapsed ere he received a reply; but at the end of that time, a packet was delivered to him by the Governor of Strasbourg, which contained these words:—"Sir, I have submitted to his Majesty the communication which you addressed to me, and I have been honored, by the command of the king, to express his desire that the person in question shall retain the amount which was bestowed on him; and to inform you that he will receive a second sum of the same value, provided he maintain perfect silence on all that has occurred."

Who was this mysterious victim? the reader will naturally inquire. Perhaps the second part of the story, in our next paper, will furnish him with a key to her identity.

* This story is said to be founded upon the remarkable circumstances which attended the death of a daughter of George the Second.

THE DRESS OF GIRLS.

We recommend Mr. South, the eminent English surgeon's opinion upon dressing girls, to such of our fair friends as it concerns:—

"When the child begins to run about, the top of her dress, though in some degree altered, being still too wide to allow the proper resting of the straps upon the shoulders, so as to keep it up, the dress slips down first on one side and then on the other, and to relieve herself from this inconvenience, and even to prevent the dress dropping entirely, the child is constantly hitching up first one shoulder and then the other, or even both at once. Usually, however, both sleeves do not drop down equally, and thus one shoulder becomes the habitual hitcher, and the trunk in this action being continually thrown to the opposite side, the spine naturally bends that way, and hence very frequently originates a crooked or curved spine, which is usually first discovered by the medical attendant whose advice is asked, on the mother's attention being drawn to one shoulder being higher than the other, and wishing to have it corrected.

"The mode of preventing these fearful consequences is simple enough. The soundness of the child's lungs, and the straightness of her spine, are preserved by one and the same mode of management. Dress the girl properly by having the frock at least as high as the collar-bones, and the upper opening of the other parts of her dress only so wide that the shoulder-straps can have a good bearing, and not slip off the shoulders; the dress will then be supported as it should be, on the shoulders, and cannot slip down, consequently there will be no hitching, nor any curved spine from that most common cause of it, and the chest will at the same time be protected from cold.

"The next ill treatment to which a girl is subjected, is that of enclosing the greater part of her body in bone stays, which, covering about the lower two-thirds of her chest, and reaching as low as the tops of the hip bones, wide at the top and bottom, but narrow enough in the middle, with a broad steel or wooden busk in front, curved forwards, but with its ends bent backwards, and with a pair of stiff whalebones behind at the lacing edges, besides a large array of other smaller bones of the same kind, are so ingeniously contrived as not merely to prevent the expansion of the chest necessary for the proper performance of inspiration, but actually to diminish its capacity at its lower or widest part; so that the poor child has her chest really put into a vice, and can only breathe very imperfectly, for the silly purpose of preventing her waist being thick, which is the real object of wearing stays. Mothers, however, sometimes delude themselves with the notion that they thus encase their girls in steel and whalebone for the purpose of giving them support, whilst in reality they are destroying their children's health and constitutional powers by jamming up the great organs of respiration and circulation into a very much smaller space than is necessary for the due performance of their functions, and thereby disposing the lungs to that fatal disorder consumption, which, though commonly attributed to the variability of our climate may, I believe, not less frequently be traced to this most abominable custom of stay-wearing, and its attendant, tight-lacing; for being early impressed with the notion that the elegance of their figure depends on the tightness of their stays, most girls greedily imbibe this pernicious habit, and screw their waists so tight that they suffer constant distress for the sake of fashion. This stay-wearing is as needless for the attainment of its object as it is serious in its results; for I have known a few as well-grown and finely formed women as could be met with, who never wore a bone stay till 18 or 19 years of age, one of whom, however, was silly enough so to encase herself on her wedding day for the first time."

The Two Sailors.—Captain Jones relates a "good story" of the conduct of two of the Naval Brigade, on sentry duty at Allahabad:—"One who was on sentry on the main works of the fort by moonlight, looking over the parapet, saw another who was sentry on the ravelin, or some out work. Now Jack, though he could tell the head from the stern of a ship, and perhaps of a horse, had not passed a competitive examination before his admission into the service, and no doubt his education in fortification and engineering had been sadly neglected, and, therefore, he was not aware that the outwork was not part of the fortification which he was so vigilantly guarding, and seeing a man walk up and down outside of what he considered the fort, and of course his head being full of spies, lurking Sepoys, &c., challenged him. The sentry on the outer work not imagining that it was he who was the subject of his messmate's anxious inquiries, held his peace, upon which Jack in the fort let drive at Jack on the outwork. The outwork Jack, a little taken aback by the musket-ball whizzing near his head, sung out, 'Hallo! that's your game, is it, my buck! Here's let drive at you, then!' and immediately returned the fire. On their being relieved and taken to the guard-house, all that passed between them was, 'Well, I'm blowed, Jack, but we are mortal bad shots, we are.'"—*Literary Gazette.*

☞ In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. The wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

BY IZA CRAIG, AUTHOR OF THE BURNS PRIZE POEM.

A stillness crept about the house;
  At eventall, in noontide glare,
Upon the silent hills looked forth
  The many windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
  Browsed on the lawn the timid hare,
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
  Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
  The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
  Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed and Quair.

The days held on their wonted pace,
  And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
  While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
  And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
  About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
  The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves, in happy dreams,
  To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Or oft in pall-black velvet clad,
  Sat stately in the oaken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
  The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter 'broidered by her side,
  With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint—
  "Ill fare the brides that come to Quair.

"For more than one hath lived to pine,
  And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned—
  Left lonely in the House of Quair.

"Alas! and ere thy Father died,
  I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forfend her ill—
  Thy brother brings his bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
  They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
  The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
  And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
  Would linger o'er the Wife of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said, on looking forth,
  "But what although 'twere bleak and bare—"
She looked the love she did not speak,
  And broke the ancient curse on Quair;

"Whate'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
  His dangers and his toils I share:"
What need be said?—she was not one
  Of the ill-fated brides of Quair!

—*Englishwoman's Journal.*

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER INVOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION.

The whole region of country, for thirty miles or more westward from Philadelphia, was infested by scouting parties of the British. Foraging squads from both armies also penetrated many miles into the interior, sweeping off cattle, horses, pigs, sheep, anything that could be converted into fresh meat; the Americans promising to pay, and the British paying their Tory friends in gold, and everybody else in—nothing. They made mistakes sometimes, in the hurry of operations, and carried off the stock of friends as well as of foes; and between the two armies, the country was saddled with a sufficiently heavy burden; but there were a great many farmers in Chester, and Bucks, and Montgomery counties, substantial, well-to-do, conservative people, who hated strife and loved money, particularly when it came in the shape of such good prices in solid gold, as the British paid for all kinds of produce. They, consequently, for a while, drove a thriving trade in flour, grain, cattle, &c., which was soon, however, most unfeelingly curtailed and interfered with by an uneasy gentleman, who, with a very improper disregard of respectable people's feelings, set himself to work to check this profitable trade, and intercept the supplies intended for the Philadelphia market.

By proclamation from Washington, all such supplies had been declared forfeited, if taken; and backed by this authority, this restless gentleman had raised a troop at his own expense, selling his property to secure the means. He had gathered around him and equipped a crew of reckless dare devils, worth but little perhaps for the regular line, but invaluable for such purposes as he had in view. They were all good riders, knew every foot of the country, cared for nothing, and were the terror of all the staid, sober farmers, who wanted to turn an honest penny by trade with the city. They were a wild, restless crew, though under good discipline, flitting here and there by night, seeming to be everywhere at once, and causing the utmost perplexity to the honest farmers aforesaid, who never sent a load of wheat *or corn*, or a few cattle to the city, without devoutly praying that "Captain Allen M'Lane and his boys might be a dozen miles out of reach of them.

One cold winter's night, a small detachment of this band were scouting in the woods near where Manayunk now stands, and not far from the road which leads to Norristown. It was a bright moonlight night, perfectly still, and cold enough to make the snow "crunch" audibly under the horses feet, as the party moved along among the trees, keeping a sharp lookout upon the road which was in sight. Cold as it was, they seemed to be in high spirits, and were laughing and jesting merrily enough, and comparing notes of some of their recent scouting adventures. The conversation was carried on in a low tone, and the laughter never rose above what is elegantly termed a "snigger." Their object was to see, and not be seen, until it was too late to escape from them; so that the crunching of the snow under the horses' hoofs was the only sound that could have been heard from the road.

The party were moving on in rather straggling order among the trees, when a quick order, rather hissed than spoken, "Close up! Silence in the ranks!" was heard from the head; the leader stopped his horse and ordered a halt. The trained horses stopped in their tracks instantly, and their riders sat listening in breathless silence.

A confused trampling of hoofs and the faint "creeching" sound of heavily loaded wheels moving over the hard snow, bore audible testimony to the quickness of the leader's hearing. These sounds were accompanied by the suppressed calls of the driver: "Gee-e-e now, Buck! where you goin'?" "Wo! whaw!" suddenly, Buck had evidently "gee'd" a little too much. "Whaw, now; come hither!"

Part of the scouts silently filed into the road and stood there waiting near the curve from behind which the advancing footsteps were approaching, while the rest pushed rapidly and silently on, to get in their rear and intercept any attempt at flight.

"I say, Cale," said a voice, "'spose M'Lane's men's about?"

"'Spose they ain't," answered Cale, gruffly; "didn't yaller Bill say they was all over at the York Road, this arternoon? Yer' always a tryin' to skeer yerself about M'Lane's men."

"I reckon," said the other, "they'll do skeerin' enough for both on us, if they nab us; an' what'll old Biram say, if they—"

The speaker stopped here—for as they came around the curve, a trooper stood before them in the middle of the road, and pronounced the single word "Halt!" The trooper was the corporal, and the order was given in the high, clear, unmistakable voice of Jem Gilmer!

The intercepted unfortunates consisted of two men, one of whom was mounted upon a stout farm mare, accompanied by a good sized colt, and was driving half-a-dozen beef cattle, which seemed in prime condition to be converted into butcher's meat; and the other was seated upon an ox cart, drawn by a powerful yoke of oxen, and loaded with sacks of corn and flour. The fellow on horseback raised the loaded butt of the whip he carried, while the other seized one of the standards from the side of his cart, jumped to the ground, and both advanced towards Jem, having jumped at the conclusion that he was a straggler from the main body, and thinking what a nice thing it would be to carry a rebel to the city along with their fresh provisions.

"Halt! is it? We'll halt you, you rascal," said the one on horseback, who had been addressed as Cale, urging the old mare into a trot, "we'll halt you."

As he spoke he drew back his arm to strike, and at the same instant Jem's left hand had him by the throat, while the muzzle of the cocked pistol in his right hand, rattled against the fellow's teeth before he could shut his mouth.

"Better drop that switch, and behave purty," said Jem; "it's no use squirming; you're nabbed; the Philistians ha' got you;" he added, drawing upon his slender stock of Bible lore for an illustration; "you're caught as sure as Goliah was when Samson got him by the hair an' hung him to the saplin' with it."

Cale glanced around for his companion; but he had taken to his heels at the first glimpse of the pistol, and had gone at full speed on the back track—plump into the hands of the party who had taken the precaution to guard the road in the rear, and was now coming forward between two of the horses, disconsolately.

When Jem had eased himself of his Scriptural quotation, he gave a sharp whistle, and the men who had been standing just out of sight around the curve, came into view at once, showing to Cale the utter uselessness of resistance.

"Just take away your hand from my throat, and that shootin' iron out o' my mouth, will ye, please?" said he, "an' I'll give up; I'll say thankee too, if you'll only ketch that sneakin' runaway, Mike Jones, and give him a good larrupin'!"

"We don't larrup our prisoners," said Jem, "unless," he added, significantly, after a pause, "unless they git easy, and give trouble; tryin' to raise an alarm or anything o' that kind."

Cale, who had pricked up his ears while Jem was speaking, and was listening eagerly, though not to him, heard the last words, and subsided at once from his air of eager attention, into a look of most stolid indifference, and answered carelessly,

"Don't see much use in raisin' an alarm when there's nothin' to be got by it; who'd hear it, I wonder?"

"Exactly so," said Jem; "*I* heard 'em, too; you've sharp ears;" then, turning to his men, "we must cut for it; I think we can carry the plunder with us though; for they're a mile off yet."

"Who're a mile off, Corporal?" inquired one of the men.

"The red-coats; don't you hear 'em? There's fifty of 'em if there's a man."

All sat listening intently, and through the dead stillness of the air the dullest ear could distinguish the faint clash and jingle caused by the movement of a body of cavalry.

"Start the cattle straight up the hill through the woods," said Jem, addressing two of the men near him, "and get 'em out o' sight without makin' any noise; when you get through make a bee-line for the Rocks. Tom, take that fellow," pointing to Mike, who stood shivering between cold and fright, "on your horse before you, and keep him quiet; the rest of you take a bag apiece from the cart; you'll have to carry double to-night; you, come along with me"—to Cale—"an' keep your throat still, or I'll make an extra hole in it; do you understand? If you speak above a whisper or raise so much as a finger to make an alarm, you're a dead man: come alongside o' me; Johnson, come on the other side of him, and if he makes any noise or tries to get away, kill him."

"Yes, sir," answered Johnson, coming alongside, and speaking as coolly as if killing people was the most commonplace thing in the world, "yes, sir; I reckon he won't git off."

It took but a minute to give and obey these orders, and the party struck through the woods in profound silence, following the cattle which had started a little in advance, and were making the best of their way up the hill. As they disappeared among the trees a party of British light horse appeared coming forward at a sharp trot, and halted at the sight of the cart and oxen standing in the middle of the road with no one near them. The sharp eye of the leader saw at a glance the whole matter, and with a brief order to his men to follow, started up the hill in pursuit. They passed through the woods to the open ground beyond, going through the very gap the Americans had made in the fence. Here, however, they were at fault. There were tracks leading in both directions along the edge of the wood; and for some time they hesitated which to follow; a little examination, however, showed the tracks of the cattle leading towards the city, and they hurriedly pursued them, watching and listening as they rode, and then suddenly struck off in an easterly direction to head off the fugitives before they could reach the main body. When they were fairly out of sight, there stepped cautiously out from the woods first one, and then another and another of Jem's party, each leading his horse.

"They're right on the track, and they'll git the cattle as sure as a gun," said one of the men.

"Not if Phil has as much gumption as I think he has," said Jem, who, with the rest of the party, was by this time mounted, "he'll hear 'em afore they can hear him, an' he'll take to the woods in time; besides, it's gettin' cloudy, and that'll hide the trail."

The place at which the party emerged from the woods was two or three hundred yards in the rear of the place where the British had passed through, Jem having taken the plan of just going through the woods, purposely breaking down the fence in order to make the trail more distinct at that point, and then skirting back along its edge and re-entering it and lying still, rightly calculating that the pursuers would follow the tracks of the cattle. By this time the clouds were thick, and the snow had begun to fall; the wind rose rapidly, and in a few minutes they were in the midst of a driving snow storm that would have covered the track of an army.

"That'll do," said Jem; "no danger o' their ketchin' Phil now. Fall in! we'll let 'em lead the way this time; march!"

The party moved forward as rapidly as they could under the double burden their horses carried; Jem and the man called Johnson, riding one on each side of Cale, who was mounted on the old mare with the colt trotting after her.

The storm gradually increased until it became so furious that the party took to the woods again for shelter, and moved cautiously along in profound silence, not knowing at what moment they might stumble on the enemy, who had most probably taken to the woods for the same reason that they had. There was imminent danger also that the enemy would overtake Phil and his companion with the cattle. In fact they had passed within a hundred yards of them, but between the gloom of the wood and the snow-full air, a herd of elephants would have been invisible at half the distance.

As the Americans were proceeding thus cautiously, the quick eye of Jem, who was some ten or twelve yards in advance with his prisoner, caught a glimpse of some dark forms moving slowly through the trees; a second look showed him that it was the rear of the British party not more than thirty yards off; they had halted for a few minutes to listen and watch, and had just formed and resumed their march as Jem caught sight of them. He threw up his hand, and then pointed to half-a-dozen large trees in rapid succession. Not a word was spoken, but the men understood his orders, and separating instantly, every man placed himself and his horse behind a tree so as to bring it in a line with the enemy. In day time, or in an ordinary light, this would have been of no avail for concealment, but under existing circumstances it answered perfectly.

At this moment Jem, who had kept one eye constantly upon Cale, while he watched the enemy with the other, observed him suddenly straighten himself in the saddle, and draw a full, quick breath; one heavy hand was over his mouth as quick as lightning, and the point of a long, keen knife which Jem carried in his belt in addition to his sword, picked the fellow's throat 'till the blood came.

"Curse you," he hissed, "goin' to holler, were ye? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet? If I see you do that much again, I'll slit your windpipe!"

This warning was not lost upon Cale, who subsided at once into the lumpish position he ordinarily assumed on horseback, and was careful, during the rest of the journey, to make no demonstration that could be construed into an alarm. As for his companion, Mike Jones, he had been, from the start, as quiet "as a mouse on a cat's back." He had scarcely dared to draw a full breath, for fear Tom Slocum's fingers would close on his throat and prevent him from ever letting it out again.

A minute sufficed to carry the British out of sight among the trees, and Jem, motioning to one of the men to take his place beside Cale, gave him a brief direction or two, accompanied by a slight, significant gesture towards his knife as he caught the eye of the latter. He then rode forward some twelve or fifteen paces, and the whole party then moved forward cautiously, keeping about that distance behind Jem.

So far as the enemy were concerned, Jem's plans had succeeded very well, and the snow storm was helping them splendidly. Loaded as his party were, they were in no condition either to run or fight, and he had not the remotest idea of throwing away his load, if it could be avoided. His plan, therefore, had been to get the enemy ahead of him, and let them go on a wild goose chase, while he followed in their rear, just out of sight. The wind, which was blowing a gale, directly in the teeth of both parties, was a valuable adjunct to his plan, for it made it utterly impossible for the party in advance to hear any sound that might come from his own party.

The direct course that all were pursuing would soon lead them to where the wood curved so as to form a right angle with it, and where he thought it probable the enemy would emerge from the wood, and move directly back to the city, by the "Ridge."

He moved cautiously forward, keeping a sharp lookout, until he came within a short distance of the road, and saw the last of the party he was watching rein up his horse at the edge of it, and look around. While the man was rubbing the snow out of his eyes, Jem contrived to get behind a thick clump of chestnut saplings, where he stood motionless for a full minute, while the trooper gazed steadily into the wood. The latter half turned his horse, as if inclined to ride back and explore the ground, and Jem had half drawn a pistol from his holster, prepared, as a forlorn hope, to shoot him, and then make off, up the hill, so as to lead off the pursuit from his party, when a quick, stern order from the front, "Close up there! close up in the rear!" recalled the trooper, and he turned away and trotted up to his place in the ranks.

Jem then dismounted and stepped forward, moving from tree to tree, until he reached the edge of the wood, and screening himself from view behind a large tree, watched carefully the progress of his unwelcome neighbors.

They were soon hidden from view by the snow, which was now driving more furiously than ever.

Looking back from this point, he saw how completely he had been screened by the clump of saplings; for, though he knew exactly where to look, he could not catch a glimpse of his horse, nor of the rest of his party, who were not more than half a dozen paces beyond the latter. Satisfied with this, he ventured to give a whistle, and the trained horse emerged at once from the spot where he had been standing like a statue, and came trotting down to him like a dog.

As he mounted, he heard a low whistle further down, among the trees; he listened a moment, and it was repeated, apparently nearer; looking in the direction whence the sound came, ready for a fight or a run, as the case might demand, he was relieved by the approach of a horseman, who, his keen eye saw at a glance, was Phil.

He called him by name, and the latter rode up at once.

"I thought it was you, corporal," said he, "but I wa'n't quite sartain."

"Yes, it's me," answered Jem, "all right, so far; where's Jerry and the cattle?"

"Down in the hollow, a little piece back; I heard the red coats a going by, and we laid low 'till they got past, and sin' then I've been a-watchin 'em. Whew! what a night it is," he exclaimed, as a fresh blast came howling across the river, driving the snow in whirling clouds around them; "I'm afeard we can't git them cattle along through the drifts."

"We must try it," said Jem; "I don't feel like givin' 'em up yet; go back and drive 'em up here as quick as you can."

Phil went back as he was ordered, and Jem rode back a short distance, and placing two of his fingers in his mouth, gave a long whistle as a signal to his party. They appeared in a moment, moving down the hill, and all advanced to the road. In a few minutes the two amateur drovers appeared with their charge, and the whole party took up their march along the road, Jem resuming his place in advance. The track was entirely obliterated and was much obstructed by drifts, through which the doubly loaded horses and the cattle had to break their way, sometimes knee deep. There was no danger of their coming up to the enemy again, for the latter were pushing for the city as fast as they could go, and being unencumbered, went four feet to the Americans' two; finally, about daybreak, Jem reached the camp safely with his "plunder," but with men, horses and cattle completely worn out, and half dead with the cold and exposure of their terrible night's work.

CHAPTER XIII.

CORPORAL JEM VISITS PHILADELPHIA.

The sun rose with the snow still falling, but towards noon it slackened, and soon after ceased entirely. In the afternoon the clouds broke away, and the sun shone out gloriously on the white mantle that covered hill and hollow, river and creek.

Jem had made his report to Captain McLane in the morning, and had received orders to have one of the cattle slaughtered for the use of the troop, and to despatch the rest, together with the grain and flour, to the army at Valley Forge.

"You say," continued the Captain, after having given these orders, "that you brought along the farmer's old mare and her colt; you shouldn't have done that; I doubt if the mare can be made of any use to us, and we have no feed to spare."

"I couldn't help it, sir," said Jem; "I had to bring the men along to keep 'em from bringin' the red d—ls on our track. I wanted to fetch the grain along, and what with that an' carryin' one o' the fellows apiece, we hadn't a horse to spare. I didn't take much notice o' the colt; I s'pose it jest trotted after us.—However, if you please, sir, I've got a plan about it, if you've got no objections."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, sir, between the cold and the tramp, the colt's pretty well knocked up; I don't think it will live any time; an' so I thought, if you were willin', we'd make him into fresh beef, an' take him to the city an' sell him to the officers in the garrison."

"Not a bad notion," answered the Captain, smiling; "but who'll do it? It will be a hanging matter, if he should be detected."

"I know it, sir," said Jem; "an' so I won't ask anybody to do it. I meant to go myself, if you would let me."

"Well," said the Captain, after considering a moment, "I suppose you had better go, if any one does; but take care of yourself, and get all the information you can pick up quietly without exciting suspicion."

"Yes, sir," answered Jem, touching his cap and hurrying off.

Calling Tom Slocum to accompany him, he went to where the horses were picketed, explaining his plan to Tom, who was highly tickled at the idea of humbugging the British officers.

The unlucky colt was soon slaughtered, an operation, however, which did not really shorten its existence many hours, for the cold and exposure and fatigue of the preceding night had been too much for it, and it was dying.

It was skinned, cut up, the choice pieces, such as the roasting ribs, sirloins, &c., picked out, and really it would have puzzled any but a butcher to tell that the fresh, juicy-looking meat, with the tender fat which adorned it, had ever belonged to anything but a well-fed young steer.

In the course of two hours more, Jem was in the city, disguised as a country butcher, having his meat in a light, covered cart drawn by the old mare. Having ascertained where Sir William Howe's quarters were, Jem proceeded to the house, which was in Chestnut street, opposite the present Custom House, and was the same building which was afterwards occupied for many years as the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank.

Jem had no difficulty in disposing of his meat at a good price, which was paid in gold and silver, which he deposited, with a great show of carefulness, in a greasy leathern purse, and was about to drive away, when an orderly appeared at the door and called him into the house, saying that his Excellency wished to speak to him. Jem followed him into a handsomely furnished room, warmed by a cheerful wood fire, in front of which stood a large table, covered with papers and writing materials.—Near the table, in an easy chair, sat a large, dignified-looking man, in a military undress, whom Jem at once recognized, from his general resemblance to Washington, as Sir William Howe.

Our amateur butcher was not troubled with reverence for any created thing, unless it was for Washington himself, but he was a little awed for a moment at finding himself face to face with the great British commander, and in a disguise which, if detected, would at once hand him over to the tender mercies of the Provost. He soon recovered himself, however, and stood scanning him as closely as he could, without appearing impertinent, holding his hat in one hand and stroking down his hair with the other, with a great deal of apparent meekness and respect.

The commander questioned him as to the route by which he had entered the city, and Jem told him a long story about the trouble he had met with, in getting past the outlying parties of McLane's men, and how he had finally been seized by one of them on the outskirts of the city, and after some detention, allowed to pass, on condition of carrying some messages to the American prisoners who were confined in what was then known as "The British Provost," afterwards the Walnut Street Prison.

"What were those messages?" inquired Sir William.

"Only to tell 'em their friends were alive and well, your Excellency," said Jem, "an' hadn't forgot 'em, an' to tell 'em to keep a good heart, an' such like."

"You can take the messages," said the commander; "Thompson, write an order for his admission to the Provost."

While the secretary was writing the order, Sir William resumed his questions, and extracted a great deal of information from Jem as to the condition of the army at Valley Forge, the number of serviceable troops encamped there, the probable intentions of Washington—indeed, upon this point, Jem favored him with some positive information of a very original character—the force under Captain McLane, and their intended movements, all of which was given with the most straightforward simplicity and apparent sincerity, seeming rather to be drawn from him by the questions than from any anxiety to impart the information, but which had the peculiarity of being carefully divested of every atom of truth, and of giving Sir William Howe a most exaggerated idea of the strength and resources of his enemies.

For instance, he generously added some five thousand to the small force at Valley Forge, and supplied them with a quantity of clothing and daily rations of food and liquor which would have made the poor fellows' mouths water to hear of. His description of the personal appearance of Captain McLane would have insured the latter against recognition by the sharpest detective policeman, while his Corporal Gilmer, of whom Sir William had heard more than once in connection with midnight forays and stoppings of unlucky farmers, was described as a huge giant of a fellow, six feet and a half high, with fiery red hair, and beard all over his face, and strong enough to hold a mad bull by the horns.

The General watched Jem narrowly, and questioned him pretty closely, though without the slightest suspicion that the chunky little fellow before him was the very Corporal about whom he was inquiring, but there was an air of quiet candor and truth about him that defied suspicion. Having extracted all the information Jem seemed to be possessed of, he told him he might go, advising him to keep out of the way of McLane's men on his return, and concluding with a significant warning against telling what he might see while in the city.

"Thank your Honor," said Jem; "I hope your Honor—your Excellency, I mean—will relish the beef I've brought; I think it's the finest steer I've killed this many a day.—'Tain't over large, but it's sweet and tender," and Jem backed himself out of the apartment, hat in hand, and made his way to his cart, sprang into it, and rattled off towards the prison in Walnut street, where he saw sights that he never forgot till his dying day.

The prison, which was then new and unfinished, contained nine hundred Americans, chiefly prisoners taken at Brandywine and Germantown, and was under the control of Captain Cunningham, an incarnate devil, who exhausted all the savage brutality of a nature endowed with a triple share of it, upon the unhappy victims who were placed in his power. Jem's blood boiled, as he saw the starved, cowering wretches kicked and cuffed and horse-whipped by the cruel coward; and once, as saw a vessel of soup, which some humane citizen had sent to the starving men, kicked over by him, with a savage laugh, just as half-a-dozen of them had gathered eagerly around it, he made a step forward to seize him by the throat. He saw the madness of the attempt, however, and checked himself and stood grinding his teeth in silent rage, registering a mental vow, which it was well for Cunningham he never found an opportunity of fulfilling.

Though it was in the dead of a severe winter, and the snow and the searching wind came in on all sides through the shattered windows, which had never been repaired since the day the Augusta man-of-war had blown up at Red Bank and shivered the glass from the sashes, the unhappy inmates had no covering except the clothing they wore when brought in, either for day or night. The shivering wretches huddled together in groups for warmth, with but little effect beyond infesting each other with the vermin which their squalor and unavoidable filth bred in swarms.

They had no regular supplies of food, and what they did get was of the vilest quality.—Musty flour, that was unfit to be eaten, and which they had to eat raw, mixed with water, or boiled in such vessels as they could get hold of, when any one was lucky enough to get a few scraps of old shoes and bones to make a fire with, for no cooking was done for them, and no means supplied of cooking for themselves. Many a meal was made of potato skins which were obtained from benevolent people who had no use for them, through the medium of little bags or baskets let down from the broken windows to the street; and at least one case is on record where a party who had been brought in three days before, made their first meal at the end of that time of the rotten wood and paint of the pump, from which they drew the water to mix it with. Occasionally, the carcass of a cow, dead from disease, would be brought in a cart, and shot down upon the ground in all its filth, for the prisoners to make the best of it. It was eagerly cut up, the hungriest eating it raw, and others cutting the foul mass into strips to dry and cure. They fought the rats at night, and lay in wait for them by day, to eke out their slender sustenance; and the dozen or so who died every day, in spite of this luxurious fare, worn out by sheer starvation and cruelty, were dragged out by the legs to the dead carts, and shot down like dogs into pits dug in the Potter's field; the very spot where now, in the summer afternoons, hundreds of merry, laughing children romp and play under the trees and over the soft sward of the beautiful Washington Square, in the middle of which, for more than twenty years, has been slumbering the foundation of a monument to him for whom the square was named, but which Philadelphia has never yet possessed enough patriotism and enough money, both at once, to carry up to the surface.*

In all this misery, there was no arrangement of the citizens for their relief; and of the American officers on furlough, none came near them. They were left to the tender mercies of the demon who reigned over this Pandemonium.

Ten minutes in the prison were enough for Jem, and he went away sick at heart, but with a large accession to his already abounding hatred. As he went out, he contrived to slip a couple of Sir William's guineas into the hand of a prisoner who stood near him. The poor fellow started, but Jem hurried on without looking behind or giving an opportunity for thanks which might have been ill-timed. As he reached his cart, he drew a long breath and expelled it violently two or three times in succession, as if pumping out something that did not agree with his lungs, shook his fist, (he couldn't help doing that much) at the prison walls, and having thus relieved himself, drove around to the Indian Queen, which he had not visited since the day he left it cured of his Brandywine bayonet stab. Hitching his mare to the post in front of the house, he proceeded to the bar-room, where he found a number of men, some drinking, some talking around the fireplace—some half drunk, some three-quarters drunk, and some very drunk indeed. There was a general turning of heads as Jem came in, but beyond that no particular attention was given to him. He nodded sociably to those who were sober enough to see him, and walking up to the bar, called for something to drink, which was furnished him and immediately despatched.

He then took his seat by the stove and joined in the conversation that was going on. He soon discovered that he was in the midst of enemies, and had to be very circumspect in his language, that he might not betray himself. The men had been conversing about Captain M'Lane, whose sudden forays and night attacks were keeping everybody in a fever.

"Why," said one of them, "they say no bullet will hurt him; he's been shot at a hundred times, and once I heard tell, he trotted his horse past a file of grannydears, who all fired at him, and not a single shot touched him."

"Maybe he has dealings with Old Nick," said a meek looking little man sitting near the fire.

"Don't know," answered the other; "I reckon if he'd been like common folks, some o' the balls must ha' gone through him, 'cause they wa'n't fifty yards off."

"*I* think they did go through him," interposed Jem quietly; "I saw him once—"

"Where?" interrupted half-a-dozen eager voices; "what was he like?"

"I saw him in his own camp: some of his men stopped me as I was tryin' to slip into the city with a load of fresh beef, an' be hanged to 'em. They took me and my cart into the camp, an' kep' me there all one day an' night. I saw him close to, that time, an' there was two bullet holes in his coat, one on the breast an' t'other on the back, right in a line with his heart."

* I am indebted to "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia" for most of the facts in the above account of the prison.

"Then it must ha' gone straight through him without hurtin' him," said the first speaker.

"Just so," said Jem; "an' then I saw more than that; the sun was shinin' clear, an' he had no shadow!"

"No shadow!" said one of the men, "what does that mean?"

"It means he has sold himself to Old Nick," answered Jem; "don't you know when a man makes a bargain with the old sinner, he takes his shadow for a pledge, an' keeps it 'till the bargain's ended?"

"Do tell!" exclaimed the little man who had spoken before, "can you always know 'em that way?"

"Yes," said Jem, soberly, "whenever you see a man without a shadow, you may know he's the devil or one of his servants."

This was a new idea to the little man, and after opening his eyes very widely at the announcement, he collapsed into a state of profound meditation. Jem went on regaling his hearers with the most astounding inventions concerning the miraculous adventures and escapes of the captain, all of which he accounted for by his supernatural powers, professing to have his information upon the most reliable authority.

I have intimated before Jem's power of gravely telling the most tremendous lies with a perfectly unmoved countenance, and with an air of quiet and matter-of-fact sincerity, an apparent entire belief in the truth of what he was saying, that would have deceived any one who did not know him well. It was a power he never used, however, unless there was some specific object, as at present, to be gained by it. Having gained his object, which was to satisfy the men around him that he was one of themselves, by his denunciations of M'Lane and of his own particular self, Corporal Gilmer, of whom he also told some wonderful stories, in the third person, he managed to pick up a good deal of information about the garrison, the localities of the principal officers' quarters, sundry plans for the seizure of himself and his commander, &c., which he carefully stowed away in his memory for future use.

While they were talking, a large stalwart looking man entered the room and sat down by the fire. He appeared to be acquainted with all present except Jem, at whom he glanced two or three times, but without any apparent recognition. Jem, in turn, looked at him attentively, puzzled with a dim recollection of the brown, grimy face and grizzled hair, but totally unable to place them. The new comer joined freely in the conversation, and soon made it evident which side he was on by his free strictures upon the conduct of the soldiary, and especially by his fiery denunciations of Sir William Howe, for allowing "such a blood-lapping wild beast," as he politely denominated Cunningham, to be at the head of the "provost."

"Take care, Larkins," said one of the men, "if you talk that way about Cunningham, and he ever gets you under his claws, he'll pay you for it."

"If he ever lays his hand on me," answered Larkins "in that kind of payment, I'll give him a receipt in full that will last him forever," and the blacksmith raised his brawny arm and brought down his clenched fist upon his knee with a force that ought to have dislocated the joint: "he had better not let M'Lane's men get hold of him; they'll hang him up by the heels, if they do."

"How are they to get at him?" inquired Jem, with an air of well assumed contempt; "he don't go far from the prison, I s'pose, and I don't believe the rebels have any man among 'em fools enough to come into the city after him."

"They've been in the city, before now, openly and disguised," answered the other, with a meaning look at Jem, shot from under his shaggy eyebrows; "M'Lane's men are everywhere where people don't look for them. I shouldn't wonder if some of them were in the city at this moment," he added with another quick glance at Jem, who understood it at once; "I hope they won't get caught."

"I s'pose they'd go to the 'provost' if they were," said Jem, coolly.

"And from there to the gallows; if I could see one, I would advise him to get out of the city as soon as possible, and keep clear of the soldiers in doing it. They are very suspicious."

The blacksmith spoke quietly and with no particular emphasis; but Jem, whose senses were all on the alert, beneath his off-hand easy exterior, detected a covert meaning in his tone and his occasional glances, which satisfied him that the speaker recognized him, and at least suspected him of being one of the very men who were the subject of conversation. As he looked at him more attentively, it flashed upon his recollection that it was the man who had carried him in from the street, the day he brought the news from Brandywine. He would have recognized him at first, for Jem was not one to forget a face he had once seen, but at the time I have mentioned, his senses were all in such a confused state that nothing that he saw left any very distinct impression. He saw very clearly now, however, that the blacksmith remembered him, and was endeavoring to warn him, without exciting suspicion.

After a few minutes more conversation, Jem rose, remarking,

"I must be a-goin'. Friend," he continued, addressing Larkins, "can you tell me of a blacksmith, near? Somethin's the matter with the mare's off fore shoe."

"I reckon," said one of the men around the fire, "if you want anyting like that done, you won't find anybody to beat Larkins, if he is a rebel."

"I s'pose the shoe won't stay on any worse for that," answered Jem, stepping to the bar; "let me have a glass of whiskey, to keep the cold out; here's success to the good cause," he added, tossing the liquor down his throat, and with this somewhat equivocal toast, he walked out in company with the blacksmith, and they mounted the cart together and drove off to the latter's shop.

There was a good deal of speculation as to who the stranger might be, among the group around the fire, and a great many conjectures were made, all very wide of the mark.

The landlady had known him from the first, but she was a warm whig at heart, and consequently kept her own counsel, and took care to throw no light upon the subject.

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand my hints," said Larkins, as they rode along; "I've been wanting to get you away for the last quarter of an hour; there is a sharp look-out kept for spies, and they watch every stranger like hawks."

"I see you know me," said Jem; "and, first and foremost, I have to thank you for helping me into the tavern once, when I couldn't help myself."

"Never mind that," answered Larkins; "I'd have done as much for anybody else; but here we are at the shop, and I'll take a look at the mare's shoe."

"Oh," said Jem, "the mare's shoe will do very well; I only said that to make an excuse for getting you out with me."

"H'm!" answered his companion, "I guessed as much; but—don't look around—we're watched. I'll tinker at it, and throw 'em off the scent; there's one of the fellows from the tavern—don't look around—following us; he suspects something, and we'll have to be careful."

The two men then dismounted, and Larkins went to the mare's fore foot, lifted it, and after examining it, went into his shop, and returning with some tools, deliberately went through the motions of tightening the shoe.

Jem, as he dismounted, took the opportunity of glancing behind him, and saw one of his late companions sauntering along the street, a short distance back. He took no apparent notice of him, merely nodding as the fellow sauntered past without stopping.—As the man turned a corner of the street, and passed out of sight, Jem inquired of the blacksmith who he was.

"He's a rascal I should like to see tarred and feathered," answered Larkins; "a treacherous, sneaking cur, that tries to curry favor with the British General by reporting conversations that he hides in corners to hear, and getting our people sent to the Provost. He's done it with a dozen good men already.

"Is there any chance of catchin' him out o' reach o' the soldiers?" inquired Jem.

"Not much, I'm afraid; he's too careful of his scoundrelly hide for that. He's known to a good many of your men—if I'm not mistaken," he added, lowering his voice, "you're Corporal Gilmer." Jem nodded. "And if he falls into their hands, he'll get no mercy, and he knows it."

"I'll give a good account of him," said Jem, "if ever I get hold of him, and of that Cunningham, too. If I leave an inch of skin on *his* back, tell me of it."

"I hope you won't," answered Larkins; "but now you must go; it isn't safe for you here while that fellow's moving about."

"I guess I'd better," said Jem, mounting the cart: "good-bye," and flicking the old mare with his whip, she rattled off up Second street, in which Larkins's shop stood.

In the neighborhood of Vine, he overtook the very man of whom they had been talking; a down-looking fellow, with a sinister squint, and who, moreover, never looked directly at any one, but always askance with his straight eye.

A sudden thought struck Jem.

"Hello!" said he, as he came opposite this engaging personage, "want a lift?"

"Which way're you going?" asked the other.

"Out by the barracks," answered Jem; "if you're goin' that way, you'd better jump in."

A faint, crafty smile passed across the fellow's features, which Jem saw without making any remark; the man got into the cart, and Jem rattled off again up Second street until he reached Vine, where he turned off to the right, saying, by way of explanation, that he had an errand in Front street, and would go around by the barracks after he had performed it.

His companion expressed himself satisfied, and they turned into Front street. The city was not solidly built-up at that time, and before they had gone as high as St. Tammany street, on which the barracks square was located, beginning at Second street, they were pretty much in the open country.

As the houses began to be few and far between, Jem's companion asked him where he was going to stop; "'cause I want to get out at the barracks."

"Oh, it ain't much further," said Jem; "I'll set you down at the right place, never fear."

"Well," said the fellow, "'tain't wuth while to take you out of your way; here we are at St. Tammany street; I guess I'll get down and walk across."

"Oh, no," answered Jem; "no use in that; I have to go around that way, anyhow, and I'll let you down right at the gate."

"Much obleeged, but I'd rayther get down now."

Jem glanced around him. There was no house within a hundred yards, and there was a thick clump of trees on the west side of the street, which effectually concealed them from the view of any one at the barracks; there was no one else in sight in any direction, and Jem's plan was formed in an instant.

He stopped the cart, and as the man rose from his seat and turned his back to step down, Jem dropped the lines, flung his left arm suddenly around his body, pinioning both his arms in a grasp like an anaconda's, and at the same moment, with his right hand, drew from his bosom the long knife from which he never parted.

The whole thing was the work of an instant. The man, taken by surprise, and thrown off his balance, was twirled on his back across the seat, with Jem's knee on his breast, and the keen knife-point glittering within an inch of his throat.

As his arms were necessarily loosed when he was fairly down, his first impulse was to attempt to grasp Jem's wrist. The quick eye of the latter caught the movement at the beginning. Raising his knife-hand out of reach, his left closed upon the fellow's throat with a squeeze that left a very much diminished passage for breath, and none at all for outcry.

"Hold down your hands," said Jem, in that low, clear, quick voice, which always gives a man the air of being in hard and terrible earnest; "hold down your hands, I tell you, or I'll pin you to the seat."

"What do you mean?" inquired the other, as well as he could speak, in his half-choked condition,—"what's the matter—are you crazy?"

"I'll tell you what's the matter!" said Jem, relaxing his grasp a little, finding that the man was growing black in the face; "but first an' foremost, if you speak above a whisper, or move hand or foot,"—he raised the knife significantly—"you understand? You're my prisoner! captive of my spear and pruning-hook!" said Jem airing his slender stock of Scripture again; "an' you're going quietly along with me, to have a palaver with Captain M'Lane."

"Captain M'Lane!" said the fellow, starting as well as he could under the weight of Jem's knee, which still held him down. His face grew pale as death.

"Yes," said Jem, drawing an old cotton handkerchief from his pocket, "yes, the Captain's a great friend of yours, an' wants to see you bad. The men want to see you too; put your hands behind you; stay, you can't do it on your back; turn over, but don't try to get up, 'cause, if you do"—another suggestive movement of the knife—"so, that's right," as the fellow, relieved momentarily from Jem's hand and knee, turned over upon the seat, "now, you see," said he, as he busied himself in tying the man's hands, which he crossed over his back; "there, that's comfortable; now I'll help you up, taking him by one hand, and lifting him into a sitting position; "you see, the men talk a great deal about you, what a nice fellow you are, an' all that, an' they'll give you such a warm welcome it'll 'most roast you."

The fellow groaned as his tormentor went on in a jolly, sociable way, as if he had been giving the pleasantest information in the world; he knew too well the kind of welcome he might expect from a troop of exasperated men, more than half of whom had to thank him for the arrest and imprisonment, or the confiscation of property of some friend or relative or acquaintance.

From the moment M'Lane's name was mentioned, the prisoner gave up all thought of resistance, satisfied that he was in the hands of one of the reckless, dare-devil troopers; and satisfied further by the sight of the knife of which he had heard more than once, that his previous suspicions were correct, and that his captor was no other than the redoubtable Corporal himself.

Fortunately for Jem, the struggle at the commencement was hidden by the coverings of the cart, which were down at the sides and behind; the old mare, too, finding the lines slackened, had started off of her own accord, in a steady jog trot. As soon as Jem had placed his unwilling companion upon the seat, he resumed his place beside him, gathered up the lines, and with a brief word of warning, touched the mare with the whip, and drove rapidly off into the open country. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VISIT
TO SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—

CHARLESTON, Jan. 19, 1859.

Since my last letter, we have been enjoying most delightful visits, both at Savannah and this place. The former is a much larger city than I imagined. Our first impressions were not so agreeable, but upon further knowledge we liked the place very much. In my travelling experience I have frequently remarked that a pleasant arrival, and the procuring of good accommodations, have a decided influence upon first impressions. It proved to be the case in this instance. We arrived in the early morning, and upon reaching the Pulaski House learned that all the rooms except those in the fourth story were occupied—consequently, we must take those or none. Fortunately for us, a room was vacated on the first floor, which we obtained; and being snugly accommodated within doors, we were in a better condition to judge fairly of the city.

Savannah is very beautifully laid out—the streets are broad, many having two rows of trees through the centre. But few are paved. The soil is very sandy, and in some seasons there is much inconvenience in driving, owing to its heaviness.

Small parks are scattered over the city, producing a pretty effect, and at the same time contributing much to the health of the citizens by allowing a free circulation of air. At the termination of Bull street, which is the fashionable promenade, there is an extensive park, in the centre of which there is a large and finely-designed marble fountain. Also, on the same street, is the statue of General Pulaski, mounted on his war steed, which is poised on a high pedestal—a very elegant piece of workmanship and a great ornament to the city.

Japonicas and other flowers are blooming in the gardens. There is never a day passes without some of the ladies receiving beautiful bouquets of these choice flowers. Frequently they are exquisitely arranged on flat dishes, the deep crimson and the snowy white lying side by side, surrounded by a border of their dark shining leaves.

One main feature in our visit was the morning spent at Bonaventure—a place designed by the owners to be *the* cemetery of the city, but which the city was not able to purchase, owing to the exorbitant price put upon it. Therefore another spot has been selected. There are a few graves within the enclosure. It is peculiarly adapted for a cemetery, and it is deeply to be regretted that it is not in the possession of the city.

We found Bonaventure to be more than we anticipated. The avenues of live oak with their gray moss drapery, inspire one very solemnly. Imagine if you can long avenues of large oaks crossing at right angles, and twisting their branches overhead till they form a perfect canopy. Merely the extreme end of the limbs, and the top of the trees have any foliage. The remainder is fringed entirely with gray moss, averaging two yards long, and much of it would measure four or five yards. The ground is not cleared of underwood, and this also has the same moss hanging from every branch and leaf. We lingered long in these draperied archways of nature's forming, and felt sad to know that any amount of money could prevent so fitting a spot from becoming a resting place for the departed.

The gentlemen here find a great deal of pleasure in sporting. There are fine "mallard ducks," and great numbers of partridges. As far as I can learn if you are a good shot you are very sure to bring home a lot of fine game. My experience, however, can only testify to quality, not quantity.

Our time being limited, we had to leave Savannah sooner than we desired, hoping some future day to visit it again.

At this place (Charleston), we are most comfortably situated at the Mills House. When I compare these accommodations with those in Cuba, I wonder how we could submit to so many inconveniences while there. Truly we are creatures of habit. We are very pleasantly impressed with this city. The streets are not so fine in some respects as in Savannah, but are paved. King street, the chief retail street, is very narrow. I find there is some rivalry between these two southern cities Strangers quickly perceive it, though many of the inhabitants will not admit it.

The market here is the finest I have ever seen, and that is a great deal for a Philadelphian to admit. The market-houses are similar to those in Philadelphia, but much wider. The first was entirely allotted to meat, which was finely displayed; all the butchers were negroes with one or two exceptions. If your eye rested on one a moment, we heard "Massa, fine beef, mutton, lamb," &c.; at the same time there was a tip of the hat which amused us very much. There was a fine assortment of meat, game, and poultry; most of the latter are brought alive to market, which creates some *squawking*. The next two or three markets were devoted to vegetables. These market-houses were divided off into stalls, about ten or twelve feet wide, forming hollow squares. In the centre of each stood a negro woman. These women represented all ages and shades; some were the most comical looking old darkeys. All had their turbans fancifully arranged, and many got on platforms so as to appear well over the stalls. There is a shelf all around these stalls, on which vegetables are displayed in the most tempting manner; even potatoes are polished, and specimens put in small boxes. I never saw a finer display of vegetables even in our own summer market. The style in which all are offered here is really beautiful; and the negroes cry first one thing, and then another, as you pass. In the last market there was a great display of fruit, pine-apples, oranges, bananas, apples, &c. Most of the stalls, not excepting those in the meat market, were decorated with bouquets composed chiefly of roses and japonicas. There is no doubting the taste, and also pride, which these negroes display in the arrangements of their stalls.

I must also remark upon the great quantity of "buzzards," which act as scavengers in this city. On market days particularly, you see them roaming around through the market-houses, or sitting on the house-tops, at pleasure. One strange fact is they never make their appearance in the city on Sunday. In this they differ from the "*buzzards*" which infest other large cities, who generally pride themselves upon their Sunday appearance.

We have visited St. Michael's Church, the oldest in the city, it having been built by the British before the Revolution. We mounted to the top of the steeple, but found it a pretty "hard road to travel," part of the way being as dark as midnight. In this steeple are the chimes of bells which were taken to England at the time Charleston was ransacked, but which were returned after the war, and again placed in the steeple. We have a fine view of the city from the top, which fully repays you for the ascent; and there was also a certain pleasure in mounting those old stone steps, which are so worn by the footsteps of past generations.

This letter has grown so long, that I must only mention things we visited without particular description.

The cotton press and rice mill we found entertaining and instructive. We had a fine drive out to Magnolia Cemetery, which lies quite handsomely, and has some monuments of great beauty.

The fever of last year made many sad hearts, which influences the gaiety of this winter. We notice so many who are in the deepest mourning, that in the church it seemed as though two-thirds of the congregation wore that sombre dress.

We leave for home to-morrow. I will therefore bid you adieu, trusting I have had many kind though unseen companions in these my pleasant journeyings. A.

☞ I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they are seasoned.—*Holmes.*

☞ Never be faint-hearted. Have plenty of pluck, my son. Supposing the whole world is against you? Never mind; go in and fight the entire world. The world is so formed that you are sure to beat it hollow.—*Punch.*

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1200 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—12 head Lenhey, Lancaster co, 9½@10; 55 do, Adams, by Saldomridge, Chester co, 9@10½; 27 do S Rhoads, Berks co, 9@10½; 12 do J Harbine, Chester co, 9@10½; 24 do S W Whitner, Lancaster co, 9½@10; 38 do Kimble & Kirk, Chester co, 9½@11; 17 do McClung, Va, 9½@10½; 30 do C Murphy, Md, 10½@10½; 51 do J McFillen, Chester co, 10½@9½; 20 do J Ullery, Washington co, 9@10½.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—51 head I Abrahams, Lancaster co, 9@10; 42 B C Baldwin, Chester co, 9½@10; 27 Brownlee, Ohio, 9@10; 40 J Green, Lancaster co, 9@10½; 45 J All, Ohio, 8½@9½; 37 S Loumbere, Berks co, 7@8½; 10 Hamar, Lancaster co, 10@11; 31 P Echman, Ohio, 9½@10; 19 Gardner do, 9½; 20 J Shelby do, 9@10½; 3 J Stewart do, 81@9. 4000 Sheep sold from $3 to 6 ₩ head, and 6@9 dressed ₩ lb. 270 Cows were sold at from $15 to 45 each.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 12.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm—sales of 10,000 bbls. Wheat has an advancing tendency, holders demanding an advance of 1@2c in prices, and the sales are unimportant. Corn quiet; mixed is nominally quoted at 60c. Pork firm. Lard dull. Whiskey dull at 28@28½c.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

PEACE AND WAR—THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—RIFLE CANNON, &c.

The last news from England seems to breathe of peace, while from France it still continues warlike.

The British Government has agreed to guarantee 8 per cent. on £600,000 capital to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to be expended on the construction of a new cable.

Lord Cowley has gone on a special mission of conciliation to Vienna.

Lord Lyons, the new Minister to the United States, sailed for New York on the 22nd ult.

The English Ministry had announced in Parliament the hope that the French and Austrian troops would soon be withdrawn from the Papal States.

Sir Charles Napier inquired in Parliament whether the first Lord of the Admiralty was aware that a few nights since a French war vessel was anchored off Spithead, and departed before the morning, and whether it had been done for the purpose of taking soundings.

Sir J. Pakington replied that such a vessel had visited Spithead, but whether it was for the purpose of taking soundings he could not say. There was, however, nothing unusual in the fact.

After some debate, in which the Government opposed the project, leave was given to bring in a bill abolishing all distinction between the oaths taken by Catholic and Protestant members of Parliament.

On the 25th ult., in the House of Peers, Lord Malmesbury said that the Government was led to believe that, at no very distant period, the Austrian and French troops would evacuate the Roman States, at the request of the Papal Government.

Mr. Disraeli, in answer to Lord Palmerston, in the Commons, expressed a conviction that peace would be preserved.

Twenty-six powerful steam vessels, and 7,000 men are to be added to the British Navy.

Sir Charles Napier asserted that France had command of the British Channel and the Mediterranean sea, but this Mr. Pakington warmly denied.

A general meeting of the Great Ship Company had been held in London. It was confidently predicted that the Great Eastern will be ready by August, and will certainly make her trial trip to Portland.

The regular annual general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 23rd. The cable remains in precisely the same state, and no effort has been made to resuscitate it, owing to the lack of funds. The directors are not without hope that it may yet be rendered available. Shares of the Company had improved to two hundred and twenty, to two hundred and forty pounds, under the Government promise.

At a lecture in London, by Rev. Walton Mitchell, on the Atlantic Telegraph, special attention was drawn to important experiments and greatly improved cable invented by Professor Hughes.

Wm. Armstrong, the inventor of the new rifle cannon, which bears his name, had been presented to the Queen, and received the honor of knighthood. The order describes him as "Engineer to the War Department for rifled Ordnance." The appointment is regarded as a very significant fact.

One of Armstrong's guns was being experimented with at Woolwich with great secresy.

FRANCE.—From France, the rumors continue of a warlike character, but Lord Cowley's mission had increased the hopes of peace.

The Paris Correspondent of the London Herald says that war has been so far resolved on, that a corps to commence the campaign had been designated, and orders have been given to the Minister of War to prepare the plan of operations.

A war-office circular directs that the troops shall be trained to forced marches and night bivouacs. All the military surgeons have been ordered to join their corps. Immense quantities of lint had been sent to Lyons. All the regiments of the Imperial Guard are to be supplied with rifled cannon, on the new plan.

The French Minister of War has contracted for ten million rations of dried vegetables.

Paris letters state that Prince Napoleon was received by an immense deputation of Italians on the 20th. He made a speech on Italian affairs, which sympathizes with their most ardent wishes.

AUSTRIA.—The London Times Vienna correspondent says that Count Buol still believes in peace, but the Emperor being of a different opinion, is preparing for a vigorous defence of the Italian States.

Three new forts are to be constructed in Venice in six weeks. Five thousand workmen are employed in their construction.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Government has issued a circular alluding to the joint efforts of England and Prussia to preserve the peace, and expressing the conviction that Austria will join in the endeavors for an amicable solution of the difficulties, but declaring that, while reserving her action as an European Power, she will, nevertheless, fulfill her duties as a member of the German confederation.

Feb. 26.—Cotton is active—going up or down as peace or war rumors prevail. Breadstuffs dull but steady. Provisions unchanged.

☞ Misfortune was his crime. Success would have silenced censure.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	113½	—
" " '68	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	—
" new	102	—
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 5 coupon	—	65
All'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	49	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 coupon	94½	—
" 3 "	92½	93
Tenn 6 pr ct	91	92
" coupon	90	91
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1868 to'd	—	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	121
Philadelphia	110½	—
Par & Mec	93	—
Commercial	51	—
N Liberty	69	61
Mechanics	28	28½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	44½	—
Girard	12½	13
Western	—	20
Man & Mech	27½	28½
Commerce	45	—
Tradesman's	43½	—
City	46	—
Consolidation	25	—
Commonwealth	23½	25
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	58	—
Exchange	53	—
Kentucky " Ky.	110	—
Northern "	120	—
Louisville "	110	115
Farmers "	120	125
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	90
Planters "	106½	—
N O Gas Light	130	—
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	—
Lehigh Zinc	½	1
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	½	½
N America Ins'ance	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	30½	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	65
Bonds	—	91

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R	100	101½
1st mort bonds	93½	—
2nd " "	—	—
stock		
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
stock	117	117½
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	82½	83
mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '86	72½	—
stock	24	24½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	89½
stock	42	43
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	29½	—
6 pr ct loan '80	97½	—
Ches Val R R 7s	40½	42
Tioga R R 7s	89	—
Will'ms & Elmira 2's 1st mort	—	72½
2d "	—	55
stock	—	24
Catawissa	—	6
Beaver Meadow stock	50	55
preferred 10 pr ct	54	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	—
6 pr ct loan	67½	68
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	52½	55
6 pr ct loan	—	100
Minehill R R	89½	89½
Har and Lan R R stock	89½	90½
bonds '82	94	96
L. Schuylkil R R stock	21	23
Long Island R R stock	10½	11
bonds	90	—
Erie R R stock	11½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Central	81½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	99½	—
Michigan Southern	18½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72½	73
imp. 6 pr ct	77	77½
stock	9½	10
preferred	19	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	51
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	—	99½
Morris Conso'd preferred	—	44
Ches & Del. bonds	104½	106½
Union bonds	—	30
Sus & Tidewater	77½	—
bonds 1879	21	3
	34½	35½
	3	31
	93½	—

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

BREADSTUFFS—There has been a continuation of the upward tendency noted in the Flour market from week to week for some time past, and with light receipts and a moderate stock, which is gradually becoming still further reduced, holders have succeeded in realizing an advance of full 25c ₩ bbl. The sales of the week for export or speculation comprise 10,000 bbls at $6,25@6,62½ ₩ bbl for superfine, chiefly at $6,50, at which holders were firm at the close; $6,62½@7 for extra, and $7@7,25 for extra Family, including 400 bbls Middlings at $4. The sales to the home trade have been to a fair extent, within the range of the same quotations, for common and extra Family brands, and $7,75@8,50 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has also improved. Sales of 600 bbls at $4,37½, and small lots at $4,50@4,62½ ₩ bbl.—Corn Meal has been quiet. Small sales of Penna at $3,75, and 300 bbls Brandywine at $3,95.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been trifling, and it is in demand for milling at a further advance of 5c ₩ bus. Sales of 30,000 bus in lots at $1,50@1,60 ₩ bus, for fair and prime Red; $1,70@1,80 for White. Rye has advanced 3c.—Sales of 5000 bus Southern and Penna at 93@95c. Corn is in active demand, and has advanced.—Sales of 30,000 bus Yellow at 82@84c early in the week, and since at 85c in store, and 86c afloat—closing at the latter figure. Oats have also advanced. Sales of 4000 bus, at 58c for Penna, and 56½c for Delaware. Of Barley about 3000 bus were disposed of at 90@94c for prime New York, and 10,000 bus Barley Malt in lots at 90c@$1, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—There has been but little doing, and but little change to notice. The receipts of all descriptions have been comparatively small, and the stocks are light for the season. The demand for Mess Pork is limited. Sales of 100 bbls Mess at $18½@18¾, and some Prime at $14 on time. City Packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at former rates. Bacon—Prices are barely maintained. Sales of 100 casks in lots at 8c for Shoulders; 10½c for Sides, and 11@13c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams. For Green Meats there is less inquiry, and prices are weak. The supplies, however, have been light. Sales of Hams in pickle at 10@10½c; 50 hhds do in salt, at 9½c; Sides at 9c; and 80,000 lbs Shoulders in salt at 7@7½c. Lard—The demand has fallen off, but prices continue firm. Sales of 300 bbls and tes at 12½@12½c, and kegs at 13@13½c, cash and short time. Sales of Country at 11½c. Butter meets a steady inquiry without change in prices. Solid Packed Ohio sells in lots at 10½@12c and Roll at 15@20c. Cheese is worth 11½@12c, and Eggs 16@17c.

COTTON—Supplies have been coming forward quite freely, but the demand has increased and holders have succeeded in realizing an advance of fully ½c ₩ lb. Sales of 2000 bales Uplands at 12½@13c ₩ lb, cash, for low and middling and middling fair quality, and 12½@13½c ₩ lb, 4 mos, for the same grades, now held higher, including some samples at 11½@11¾c.

BARK is in moderate request, but at a decline from the recent asking rate; 150 hhds No 1 sold at $32 ₩ ton. In Tanner's Bark nothing doing.

COAL—The market has undergone no improvement; the receipts by railroad are light, but ample for the demand, as there is no inquiry except for immediate home consumption.

COFFEE—There has been a fair demand and prices are quite firm; sales of 2000 bags Rio at 11½@13½c; 200 bags Laguayra at 11@12c, and some Java at 15c ₩ lb on time.

FEATHERS are scarce and held firmly; sales of good Western at 46@48c ₩ lb, cash.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are held firmly at 9½@10c. Dried Peaches sell slowly at 9½@12c for unpared quarters and halves, and 14@18c for pared. Cranberries and Green Apples are getting scarce.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₩ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, ₩ lb, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skins, ₩ lb, 18@25c; Nutria, ₩ lb, 35@50c; Raccoon, ₩ lb, 30@75c.

HEMP—There is nothing doing, and no stock here to operate in.

HIDES are much wanted, but there are only a few hundreds left in first hands.

HOPS are steady; sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 14@15c ₩ lb. Old crop are nominal at 4@8c.

IRON—The market for Pig Metals has undergone no change; there is a moderate inquiry, and prices are firm. Sales of 1000 tons Anthracite in lots at $24@25 for No 1; $23,50 for No 2, and a lot of No 2 Forge at $21,75, 6 months. Blooms are unchanged. Scotch Pig Iron sells in a small way at $28, 6 months. A sale of old Rails was made in another market at $36, 6 months, delivered here. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron are without change.

LEAD—The stock is very much reduced, and no transactions have come under our notice.

LEATHER—The receipts have increased, but the demand is good, and prices are well maintained.

LUMBER is in good demand, but the absence of supplies continues to restrict operations. Among the sales we notice some Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $14,50 ₩ M feet, and a lot of Hickory hhd Hoop Poles at $55 ₩ M.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet for Foreign, but for New Orleans there has been a moderate inquiry. Sales of 400 hhds Trinidad at 28@29c; 500 hhds New Orleans, part to arrive from a neighboring market, at 40@41c, on time, and a small lot of Porto Rico at 36c, on time.

SEEDS—The receipts of Cloverseed have slightly increased; and it has been in moderate request. Sales of 1000 bus at $6,50@7 ₩ 64 lbs—part from second hands, at the latter rate. Timothy is worth $2,12½@2,25. Flaxseed is taken on arrival by the crushers at $1,75 ₩ bus. A sale of Calcutta Linseed at $1,77½.

SUGAR—The market is very quiet, but prices remain without change. Sales of 1500 hhds New Orleans at 6½@7½c ₩ lb, on time, and 3500 bags Brazil on terms kept secret.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin have undergone no quotable change. New England Rum is selling in lots at 35@36c, the former rate for Portland. Whiskey has advanced; sales of Penna and Ohio barrels at 27½@30c; hhds at 27c; and drudge at 28c.

TOBACCO—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, and for the latter there has been more inquiry, with very reduced stocks.

WOOL meets a very limited inquiry, but the stocks are materially reduced, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 120,000 pounds, among which were 10,000 pounds extra fine Fleeces at 63c; 20,000 pounds Full Blooded at 58c; and 15,000 pounds Merino pulled at 47½@50c ₩ lb, cash.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 12, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis	
Relief notes 4-10 dis	
NEW JERSEY.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
DELAWARE.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore ½ dis	
Solv bks ½ to ½ dis	
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks par to ½ dis	
MAINE.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
VERMONT.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks ½ to ½ dis	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks ½ dis	
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
ALABAMA.	
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis	
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks uncertain	
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
OHIO.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
INDIANA.	
State bank ½ dis	
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks ½ dis	
TENNESSEE.	
Old banks 2 dis	
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks 1½ dis	
TEXAS.	
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis	
CANADA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

☞ There are men who can *die* patiently; but they are nobler yet who can live with patience.—*St. Aug

SINGULAR.—About two years ago, Mr. William Donnelly, the gentlemanly postmaster at the Blairsville Intersection, Westmoreland county, Pa., received, as a present from a friend, two large rattlesnakes, which he preserved in a box covered with glass. After keeping them some time, it was but natural to suppose that the "pets" should be "a hungered." Acting upon this idea, and being under the impression that snakes would only eat living food, Mr. Donnelly caught four or five little mice, and put them in the cage with their slimy companions, to be, as was then supposed, devoured at a single gulp. But, to the astonishment of the beholders, the mice, for several days, *coreted* over the snakes with seeming zest, and enjoyed themselves "as well as could be expected under the circumstances." Finally, one of the mice, being gnawed with hunger, commenced gnawing at the snakes. During this operation, his snakeship would sometimes remain perfectly quiet; but, on other occasions, would raise his head and dart forth his forked tongue, at which time "our small rodent quadruped" would make a "straight coat tail"—or rather, tail without the coat—into a corner. But when the snake returned to its quiescent position, the mouse partook again of its *dainty* meal, and really continued this operation until it eat so much of the flesh as to leave part of the back-bone and several of the ribs on either side exposed, from which the snake finally died.

THE TURKISH WOMEN.—Quite a progressive step has been taken by the Sultan of Turkey. He has ordered a re organization of the Turkish schools, and that provision be made for the education of girls. The Minister of Public Instruction, some time back, presented to the Sultan a complete system of education for males, in which were introduced a number of ameliorations adopted from European establishments. At present the Minister's attention has been directed to the education of girls, and he has proposed to extend very considerably the range of instruction given to females in Turkey, as a preparatory step towards the intellectual emancipation of the Mussulman women.

The Sultan has given orders to have the proposed plan carried into execution with as little delay as possible, so that henceforward Turkish girls will not only learn all the works executed with the needle, but reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and history. In each of the thirteen sections of the Turkish capital six primary schools are to be established at once; and at a later period, one superior establishment in each section, to complete the education of the inferior schools.

"'TIS THE SURVIVOR DIES."—The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier, speaking of the Sickles tragedy, says: "An engineer on one of our railways had, without fault of his own, run the tremendous power under his control over a human being. The body was removed from the rail, death had done his dread work, examination was made of the circumstances, and the engineer acquitted, the homicide was not in him. Yet a little while afterward, that engineer came to the superintendent and asked to resign his place, he could not endure it any longer.

"'Why do you go?' said the superintendent, 'no one blames you.'

"'Ah,' said he, 'I *must* go. Every night I am on the road, *I see that man standing before the engine!*"

A HOAX.—The story about the discovery of remarkable old coins, gigantic skeletons, &c., in a cave in Ohio, is an unmitigated hoax, and was written as a burlesque.

STIMULANTS.

Those requiring the assistance of a stimulant should use HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. They contain no alcohol or injurious ingredients, and yet possess great stimulating properties, followed by no deleterious effects. If you are suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, these Bitters will speedily and permanently cure you. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

TO CURE A COUGH, to relieve all irritations of the throat, to prevent hoarseness, to restore to perfect soundness and health, the most delicate organization of the human frame—the Lungs—use Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) on receiving a stamped envelope bearing the applicant's address, a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNELL, 186 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y. feb26-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At North White Creek, N. Y., March 10th, 1859, by the Rev. Merritt Bates, Prof. WILLIAM A. HOLTBY, Editor of the "Fort Edward Institute Monthly," to MARY T. daughter of the officiating Clergyman, and recently Preceptress of Stamstead C. E. Academy.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. CALEB KELSEY, to Miss SALLIE H. SCHOFIELD, both of Montgomery county.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durbotow, Mr. JOHN LANGE, to Miss MARTHA DAVIES, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. F. T. Caillhopper, Mr. DAVID R. KELLEY, to Miss SOPHIE E. TAUBE, both of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. WILLIAM CURRIE, to Miss ELIZA CUNNINGHAM.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JOSEPH T. LAIR, to Miss SOPHIA A. CHARBONNIER, both of this city.

On the 15th of Jan. by the Rev. John Chambers, GEORGE P. W. LEWIS, to SALLIE, daughter of the late Geo. Wylie, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. J. Ward, THOMAS B. BEARDSLEE, to SARAH KEIDER, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. R. A. Carden, HARRY T. HORTON, of Media, to MARY, daughter of John McAvoy, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, ALBERT PRICE, son of John S. and Mary I. Riehl, aged 1 year and 10 days.

On the 5th instant, ELLEN, wife of Mathew McDonald, aged 30 years.

On the 1st instant, H. STIRLING WILSON, aged 27 years.

On the 4th instant, Mr. JAMES M. WELSH, aged 23 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE E. WARNACK, aged 82 years.

On the 6th instant, SAMUEL MYERS, aged 65.

On the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM STOWMAN, Sr. aged 73 years.

On the 6th instant, CATHARINE ARMBRUSTER, aged 73 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. BENJAMIN WEITZCAR, aged 61 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. REBECCA LEVEY, aged 35 years.

On the 6th instant, MARY A. MORELAND, aged 48 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. HULDA HYLAND, aged 54 years.

On the 28th ultimo, BENJ. WEITCRAFT, aged 61 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH MERCH, aged 80 years.

JOSEPH HOLT, of Kentucky, has been appointed Postmaster-General in the place of A. V. Brown, deceased. Mr. Holt was formerly Commissioner of Patents.

IN New Hampshire the whole Republican State ticket is elected, including the three Congressmen.

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ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

I desire the members of this high court of morals in medicine, to give the following their consideration. I ask them for the sake of humanity;—

REMEMBER—We cannot be sick, we can have no pain, but when some natural outlet for the blood's impurities is closed or inactive.

In the year 1751 this great truth was announced in the following propositions:—

That impurity of the blood, by impeding the circulation produces inflammation or derangement of that organ or tissue, where the impurity has deposited itself.

That medical men have applied different names to the derangement of each organ, according to the greater or less violence of the symptoms.

That there is but one disease. These various groups of derangements and symptoms, having impurities of the blood for their common source, and differing from each other only in degree of intensity.

The announciator of this simple theory, of the unity and identity of disease, was so fully convinced of its sterling truth that for thirty years he gave his whole attention to the composition of a medicine, whose effects should be to remove all the blood's impurities by the agency of the circulation to the bowels, whose office would be to expel them from the body—thus curing all local and general affections by taking away what they fed upon. He was eminently successful, after so many years of laborious research in producing a medicine mild in its operations and safe under all circumstances, yet sufficiently powerful to pervade the whole system. Incapable of injuring the most tender, yet energetic enough for the most powerful constitution. Capable of being digested and mixing with the blood, it acted on the system strictly in accordance with the laws of the animal economy. To this medicine was given the name of "BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS."

A rapid glance at the uses of the blood and the conditions upon which depend its healthy production, may dispel some of the erroneous notions and unfounded theories which have obstructed the path of inquiry, and may lead to recognition of the doctrine for which I contend.

It is from the productive power of the blood the solids are formed and their vitality sustained. The blood takes up and carries away the worn out particles of the body, and supplies the new ones for the repairs of the structure, and the due exercise of its functions. It supplies nourishment for the growth of parts and for the reparation of their daily waste. By it wounds are healed and those granulations formed which fill up the cavities of ulcers. Blood is requisite to the action of the nervous system; cut off its communication and the sensibility of a member is lost. The vigor and activity of animal life depend upon its condition, and according to the qualities of the mass when the disease sets in, are the chances of recovery. From it the secretions are all derived. Bile, urine, gastric juice, saliva, &c., however different in appearance and character, all have the blood for their common source. Now if the circulation is accelerated or impeded by foreign matters and the digestive organs are impaired, the blood is further degenerated from a state of health; the liver becomes torpid, and performs its functions imperfectly, the lungs sympathize with the general disorder, and vitalize it but feebly. If waste particles are detained in the circulation, they become deposited and form tumors and abscesses or produce violent fevers. If the secretions are retained or deficient in quantity, dyspepsia, jaundice and a thousand other evils follow. These various conditions of the blood produce local or general disease. But it is evident they all spring from one cause—impure blood.—Expel this impurity by judicious purgation, and you must eradicate the disease, for disease cannot be present in that person whose blood is pure. Common sense tells us this. Accumulative experience of many years has infallibly proved it. If this doctrine was contrary to reason, yet if experience should invariably prove it, we must discard reason and cling to the fact experience has taught us. But here reason and experience go hand in hand. Brandreth's pills by restoring the blood in its primal purity and natural course, will remove diseases by whatever technical term may be known or defined by medical men.

The theory of one disease and one method of cure is not supposed to be gaining ground rapidly, but the idea of the unity of disease is being gradually developed. And in schools of medicine it is even now taught "that an outward ulcer and an inward abscess, though the results of different proximate causes, are occasioned by impurity of the blood, and are cured by purging it."

The doctrines of unity of disease, and of one method of cure are but the two halves of one great truth; and the existence of this one cure, or universal remedy, becomes a rational subject of inquiry, and is susceptible of proof.

The cures effected by the use of Brandreth's pills in the one hundred and eight years they have been before the public, have placed their claims to this distinction beyond all question. Time has established their universal utility and applicability to disease; and as the medicine which can cure can also prevent disease, their prudent use during seasons of epidemics and contagions, have preserved many valuable lives.

Thousands of persons in the cities and villages of the United States can be referred to who have been restored to health by their use. By no other power than their own inherent virtues could they, for so long a period, have kept favor with the public, and have extended their reputation from continent to continent.

The undersigned himself has prepared Brandreth's vegetable pills for upwards of thirty years, and has had opportunities of testing their sanitary properties in an extensive practice. Their value in cases of recent sickness must be observed or experienced to receive the credit they deserve. I have seen asthma relieved, and gradually give way to their influence. More than this—I have known consumption cured by them, even after tuberculous deposition had taken place. But rheumatism, fevers, smallpox, fever and ague, erysipelas, and violent diseases generally soon yield to the mild but energetic sway of Brandreth's pills. They are in truth a universal purgative for whatever is in the blood and fluids, which has no business there; whatever and wherever the deposit of morbific matter may have taken place, this medicine having, through digestion, entered the circulation, penetrates every recess of the body, and either expels, or causes to be absorbed for expulsion, every unhealthy particle. Brandreth's pills are now given in practice by forty-nine hundred conscientious physicians in the United States. They have found that their patients may take the pills without regard to the weather, or other disturbing causes; their effects, at all time, being certain and salutary. The pills are now daily administered to youth, manhood and old age, and are given to females under the most critical and delicate circumstances, because they do not disturb or shock the animal functions, but restore their order and re-establish health.

Brandreth's Pills are made of herbs, roots, extracts and essences, and are therefore purely vegetable. No chemical production enters into their composition. The Brandreth Pills prove that there are within us faculties, both bodily and intellectual, with which certain herbs have affinity, and over which they have a power, for restoring health to the body and mind.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are admirably adapted to overcome the diseases of hot climates, their prompt action preventing congestions of the brain or viscera, and clearing away those obstructions of the intestinal canal, and those engorgements of the large veins, which occasion so many alarming symptoms, leading to rapid dissolution under the heat of a tropical sun.

By their use the blood's vitality and energy are sustained, for by keeping it free from oppression or taint, it is enabled to withstand all those insidious approaches of diseases to which persons of bad blood are always predisposed.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are fast superseding every other medicine. The fact that they have been known in England and the United States for a period of 108 years, is not only an evidence of public estimation, but of their necessity to the public health.

Every one who is prevailed upon to use this inestimable medicine, feels under lasting obligations to those who overcame his prejudices. And those who have become experimentally acquainted with its value, feel that their time and energies could not be better employed than to the elucidation of its sanitary, its health producing properties.

The public's servant. B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS 25 cents per box, and those coated with sugar by a new process, 12 in a box, 13 cents per box. For sale at the Principal Office, Brandreth's Building, corner of Broadway and Canal street, New York; at Dr. Brandreth's Philadelphia Office, N. E. corner of Fifth and Arch streets; by Mrs. Shaeffer, No. 14 North Eighth street, and by T. W. Dyott & Sons. mar19-2t

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FEBRUARY 1st, 1859.

Cash in Tradesmen's Bank, and on hand,	$17,825 15	
Cash in hands of Agents,	2,421 17	
Aggregate amount of Cash Items,		$20,266 22
Number of Shares of Stock of all kinds owned by the Company, and the par and market value thereof:		
	Par Val. Market Val.	
250 Shares Pa. Railroad,	$12,500 00 $10,875 00	
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		$12,375 00
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Masonic Loan,	$ 2,350 00 $2,350 00	
Missouri State Loan,	23,000 00 19,710 00	
Loan of the City of Philada.	8,000 00 8,000 00	
		$30,060 00
Temporary Loans of the Company secured by collaterals (chiefly bonds,) with a margin exceeding 15 per cent, on amount loaned,		$20,521 66
Amount of Loans on Bonds and Mortgages, being the first lien on improved Real Estate in the City of Philadelphia, worth more than double the amount of said mortgages,		$119,300 00
Assessments on Stock paid, $186,500 00.		
Assessments on Stock not paid,		$13,500 00
Instalments on Stock not called for, and for which the Stockholders are individually liable under the provisions of the charter of the Company,		$300,000 00
Total Assets of the Company, February 1st, 1859,		$516,022 88

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INFLUENZA.—The great and sudden changes of our climate, are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Influenza, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

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BRONCHITIS, *Clergyman's Sore Throat.*—A Chronic Inflammation of the small Mucous Glands connected with the Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe; the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of Mucus, and a sense of wearisomeness and loss of power in the Throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These incipient symptoms are allayed by using Brown's Bronchial Troches, which, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

HOARSENESS.

HOARSENESS AND SORE THROAT.—This unpleasant and painful result of '*Catching Cold*,' or unusual exertion of the vocal organs, may at any time be removed by allowing one or two of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough Lozenges, to dissolve slowly in the mouth. Hence, Singers and Public Speakers will find them of peculiar advantage.

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WHOOPING COUGH.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough Lozenges, are efficacious with children laboring from this disorder, Hoarseness or other affections of the Chest, having a soothing influence, assisting expectoration, and preventing an accumulation of phlegm, which often causes a sense of suffocation so common with this cough.

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IN CONSUMPTION Brown's Bronchial Troches will afford great relief. They promote Expectoration, and allay the hacking Cough. For Asthmatic, Consumptive and Chronic Coughs, which are more or less troublesome at night, great relief will be experienced by taking at bed-time one or two of the Troches, which will ensure ease and comfortable rest.

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"Brown's Bronchial Troches" contain ingredients acting specifically on the organs of the voice—they have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat and Larynx, restoring their healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation.

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"*A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c.*"
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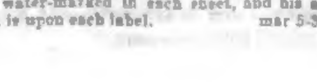

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GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER. Convinced that Piles is a disease generally prevalent, and in all cases *originated* or *aggravated* by the use of ordinary white, colored or printed paper in the water-closet, Mr. J. C. GAYETTY, of New York, set to work and discovered a process of making pure Manilla paper, (from new hale hemp,) and medicating it in a style to *cure* Piles, where the disease exists, and *prevent* it in the youngest and the healthiest person, without detriment to the general health. Besides its medicinal value, GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER for the water-closet has value as a beautiful article of comfort, luxury and convenience. It is sold throughout the United States by druggists, fancy-goods dealers, and others, and can be purchased in large or small quantities, at the grand depot, No. 41 Ann St., New York City. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. The genuine has GAYETTY'S name water-marked in each sheet, and his autograph is upon each label. mar 5-3m

Wit and Humor.

An Opinion of Popular Lectures.—Artemus Ward, showman, writes to the Cleveland Plaindealer as follows:

By bein virtoous I've one a repartashun fur honisty which few showmen (alars, alars fur the perfeshun!) injoy & by attendin strickly to biznis I've amarsed a hansum competuntsy, & my show is skalled by few & exseld by none, embracin as it does a wunderful cullecksshun of livin wild Beests and Snaix, a endliss variety of wax figgers of life size & the only trained Kangeru in Amerika—the most amuzin little cuss ever introduced to a discriminatin public.

& why am I sad? methinckx I heer yu ask, Jentle reader. Becawz I feel that the Show Biznis, which I've stroven to ornyment, is bein usurpt by Poplar Lectures, as they air kalled, tho in my pinion they are poplar humbugs.—Eastern individwalls, mostly from Bosting, who git hard up, embark in the lecturin biznis.—Thay cram theirselves with hi soundin frazis, frizzle up their hare, git trustid for a soot of black cloze, & cum out West to lectur at 50 dollars a pop. Thay aint over stockt with branes, but thay hav brass enuff to make suffishunt kittles to bile all the sope that will be required by the ensewin sixteen ginerashuns. Peple flock to hear um in krowds. The men go becawz its poplar & the wimin folks go to see what other wimin folks hav on. When its over the lecturer goze and regales hisself with gin and sugar, while the peple say, "What a charming lecture that air was!" etcettery, etcettery, when 9 out of 10 of um dont have no more idee of what the lecturer sed than my kangaru has of the sevunth speer of hevun.—Thare more infurmashun to be gut out of a well conductid noosepaper—price 4 cents—than thare is out of 10 poplar lectures 25 or 50 dollars a pop, as the kase may be. These same peple, bare in mine, stick up their nosis at moral wax figgers and sagashus beests. Thay say these things is low. Gentz, it greeves my hart in my old age, when Ime in "the Sheer and yeller leef" (to cote frum my Irish frend Mister McBeth), to see that the Show Biznis is pritty much plade out. Howsomever I shall chance it agane in the Spring. Ime negoshiatin with the larst Joory in the Hiram Cole kase & if I kin git them remarkible livin curiositys I think I shall make a payin seeson of it.

British Anecdotes of Americans.—One of the officers in Burgoyne's army, named Anbury, after his return to Europe, in 1789, published his travels in two volumes. We make these extracts from the copy of the work owned by the Massachusetts Historical Society:

After the capture of Burgoyne's force, the Americans thronged together to see the prisoners. Lt. McNeill said to an old woman, who appeared to be near an hundred, "So, you old fool, you must come and see the lions,"—but with great archness she replied, "Lions! lions! I declare now I think you look more like lambs."

Speaking of the impertinent curiosity of the New Englanders, he says, that four women got into the room of a house where Lord Napier was quartered, with other officers, when one of them, with a twang peculiar to the New Englander, said, "I hear you have got a Lord among you—pray now which may he be?" His Lordship, who, by-the-bye, was all over mire, and scarcely dry from the heavy rain that had fallen during the day's march, entered into the joke. After his titles had been duly read off, and he had been pointed out, the women got up, and one of them lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven, with great astonishmen exclaimed, "Well, for my part, if that be a Lord, I never desire to see any other Lord but the Lord Jehovah."

"Bad at the Best, and Beautiful in Neither."—Time, towards evening—place, forks of the road somewhere in North Carolina—log cabin close by—red-headed boy whistling—enter traveller, on an old gray mare, both looking pretty well "beat out." *Traveller*—"Say, boy, which of these roads go to Milton?" *Stuttering Boy*—"B-b-both on 'em goes thar." *Traveller*—"Well, which is the quickest way?" *Boy*—"B-b-bout alike; b-b-both on 'em gets there b-b-bout the same t-t-time o' day." *Traveller*—"How far is it?" *Boy*—"'Bout four miles." *Traveller*—"Which is the *best* road?" *Boy*—"T-t-they ain't nary one the b-best! If you take the right hand, and go about a m-mile, you'll wish you was back; and if you t-t-turn back, and take the l-l-left hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had *kept on the other r-r-road!*—G'lang!"

"Hold on Dar."—The Piqua (S. C.) Register has the following in a recent issue describing an incident among the slaves:

Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot fail to note one; a brother called out in a stentorian voice:

"Who dat praying ober dar?"

The reponse was:

"Dat's brudder Mose."

"Hold on dar, brudder Mose!" was the dictum of the former, "you let brudder Ryan pray; he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am!"

Brudder Mose dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed.

A Pair of Them.—"John," quoth the gentle Julia, to her sleepy lord one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer."

"As how?" muttered her worse half, opening her optics.

"Why, by rising."

"H'm; I wish you would imitate that other fixamagig that hangs up by it—the barometer."

Why so?"

"'Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm is coming."

Well matched that.

☞ A Yankee, describing an opponent, says,—"I tell you what, sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up, and there's nothing to carry."

What He Had Earned.—Jo Whitehill, of Columbus, Tenn., formerly Treasurer of State, was a rough joker, even in his office.

Some twenty years ago a verdant member of the General Assembly, called at the State Treasury and said he wanted some money.

"How much do you want?", said Whitehill.

"Well! I—don't—know!" said the member.

"How do you suppose I can pay you money, then, if you don't know?"

"Well, then, pay me about what I have earned."

"Earned!" said Whitehill, "earned! you are a member of the Legislature, ain't you? and if that's all you want, I can pay you off 'what you've earned' very easy. Bob, give this member that ten dollar counterfeit bill, we've had so long!"

A Lesson to a Rough Gentleman.—Some people have a rough manner about them, which neither education, boot-blacking, nor rotten stone can ever polish. One of that sort opens the door of a worm-room, with a rush, and bellows:

"Do you know which is Thompson's room?"

"I do," is the mild answer.

"Well, which is it?" growls the interrogator.

"Permit me to ask," says the other, "if you are armed."

"No—why inquire?"

"I thought, sir, by your peremptory manner, that you intended to have either a satisfactory answer or my life."

Breaking Bad News Gently.—During the summer of 1849, a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with cholera while some fifty miles from home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends and home. By inquiry, he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectably-appearing lady, who was in fact the newly-made widow, and asked:

"Does Mr. Wilson live here?"

"Yes," was her reply, "but he is not at home to day."

"I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon, for I've got him here dead in the wagon!"

Affecting.—A person following close behind a couple returning from a juvenile party at a fashionable residence in Pittsfield, a few weeks since, happened to overhear the young gentleman thus address his companion in a voice of the tenderest solicitude:

"Charlotte Angelina, you must not set your youthful affections on me, for I am doomed to an early grave—mother says I'm troubled with worms."

An involuntary cough from the listener interrupted the self-devoting reply which, of course, was leaping to Charlotte Angelina's lips.

Conundrum.—The editor of the Lebanon Herald perpetrates the following:—

"Why are the young ladies of Lebanon, when they try to make a 'conquest' of a gentleman, like a band of untamed Indians about to engage in mortal combat?"

"D'ye give it up?"

"Because they enter upon the contest with a (w) hoop!"

He deserves to be pinched to death by old maids.

The Young Ladies of Sydney.—At thirteen years of age they have more ribbons, jewels, and lovers, than perhaps any other young ladies of the same age in the universe. They prattle—and very insipidly, too—from morning till night. They rush to the Botanical Gardens twice a week, to hear the band play. They wear as much gold chain as the Lord Mayor in his state robes. As they walk you hear the tinkle of their bunches of charms and nuggets, as if they carried bells on their fingers and rings on their toes. The first time I visited the theatre I sat near a young lady who wore at least half-a-dozen rings over her white gloves, and who, if bare, musquito-bitten shoulders may be deemed beautiful, showed more beauty than I ever saw a young lady display before. Generally, the colonial damsels are frivolous, talkative and over dressed. They have, in brief, all the light, unenviable qualities of Eastern women. They excel in finesse. I heard of a young lady who, wishing to make a dilatory gentleman, who had been for some time hovering about her, definitely propose, had her boxes packed and placed conspicuously in the hall of her father's house, thus labelled: "Miss P. Jackson, passenger by the Archimedian Screw for England." "If that doesn't bring him to book," she was heard to declare to her mother, "I'll get Fred to thrash him!"—*Southern Lights and Shadows.*

Mixing the Websters a Little.—I heard a story, day before yesterday, which I am assured is authentic, which illustrates the confused ideas well-educated Englishmen have of "our most remarkable men." An Englishman, about nine years ago, who might be supposed to know better, thus addressed an American:—"So, I see one of your great men has come to grief; I am very sorry for it, as I knew him a little when he was here." "I don't understand you," replied the American, "whom do you mean?" "Why, your great man that I have heard you and your countrymen talk about—Mr. Webster, you know, that made the dictionary." "He didn't make the dictionary, the one you mean," answered the Yankee, "but no matter for that—what has happened to him?" "Why, haven't you heard? he's been hanged at Boston, for murdering his doctor!"—*Boston Correspondent of Tribune.*

☞ Gas.—At a hotel in New York recently an old gentleman came down stairs and inquired of the clerk whether he had any tallow candles. Being informed that he could be supplied with tallow dips, the gentleman said: "Then I wish you to give me some; I want something that I can *blow out*, for I've been blasting away at that cussed jigger in my room till I've no wind left." The clerk, by spasmodic effort, kept his countenance, and ordered up a pound of dips to room No. 20.

Fascinating Gent. (*to precocious little Girl*).—"You are a very nice little girl; you shall be my wifey when you grow up!"

Little Girl.—"No, thank you; I don't want to have a husband; but Aunt Betsy does; I heard her say so!" [*Sensation on the part of* Aunt Betsy.]

A Glimpse of Winter Joys.—Thank heaven for winter. Would that it lasted all the year! Spring is pretty well in its way, with budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling burnies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers softening and brightening the bosom of old mother Earth. Summer is not much amiss, with umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder storms. Nor let me libel autumn in her gorgeous bounty, and her beautiful decays. But winter, dear, cold-handed, warm-hearted winter, welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the sharp, short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscle, fibre and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona discoursing excellent music; then the long snow-silent or hail-rattling nights, with earthly fire-sides and heavenly luminaries, for home comforts and travelling imaginations, for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom, for the affections of the heart and the flights of the soul!—*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*

"Last of the Huggermuggers."—A sprightly school-girl, who attends the "Central High School," where the teachers have a way of inciting the pupils to understand what they say to the class, was reading the "Last of the Huggermuggers;" and stirred by the spirit of inquiry stimulated by her teachers, if not by natural feminine curiosity, asked a boy cousin of hers the meaning of Huggermugger. John looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "I'll show you!" and before the incipient woman had time to make any further remark, John had his arm around her waist, and subjected it to a gentle pressure—"That's *hugger*; and this (putting his lips to hers in affectionate collision) is *mugger*." "Yes," said the not more than half displeased Sarah Ann, "and this is the last of the huggermuggers; for if ever you attempt to give me another such a definition, I'll box your ears."

Taking Down an Exquisite.—There are some half-caste children living in Sydney; and these, semi-barbarous as they are, appear to have caught the smartness of their white compeers. There was one who used to sell oranges on the Circular Quay; and it was highly amusing to mark the easy way in which he would rid himself of a troublesome customer. One day, a slim exquisite, with an elegantly-dressed young lady hanging on his arm, was tormenting the little black as he chaffed for some fruit. The boy kept his temper for a time, but at length broke into a passion. "You fellow, gentleman! You gentleman, want three oranges for twopence? why,"—and he tossed up his burnt sienna chin—"my mudder eat many better fellow than you for breakfast!"—*Fowler's Life in Australia.*

The Eyebrows.—"The eyebrows alone," says Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expressions of the character."

"Part of the soul," says Pliny the Elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will."

Le Brun, in his "Treatise on the Passions," says, "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart, and of the affections of the soul."

Pernette observes, also, that "one of the parts of the face which ought to be considered as one of the safest interpreters of the sentiments is the eyebrows."

> Not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life,
> Is the prime wisdom. —*Milton.*

☞ Poor but Proud.—A highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in a wood over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield.—Highwayman took Jones by the neck, and undertook to choke him. Jones made fight, and kept it up for half-an-hour. At the expiration of that time, Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents amounted to eighteen cents. "Is that all you've got?" "Every cent." "What made you fight so long?" "Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; a great deal worse to have the whole world know it."

☞ Self-Consolation.—When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.—*Dr. Johnson.*

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself. —*Massinger.*

Agricultural.

Potato Culture.—We have some very pleasant and satisfactory evidence in raising potatoes, from planting simply the *eyes*, just rimming them out with the point of a narrow knife.

We selected the largest and best potatoes from the cellar, took out the eyes, and used the rest of the potatoes for the table, about as profitably as if the eye had not been taken out. They were then planted three in a hill or place, about one foot apart, and in rows some two feet apart; and then cultivated often enough to keep the weeds down, and to keep the ground stirred and mellow.

The result was, we gathered a fine yield of *large* potatoes from every hill, with no small ones—a very important consideration in harvesting or picking them up. Besides, we had no diseased or unsound ones: although in the adjoining ground, where we planted *whole* potatoes, there were many unsound ones at the harvest. Hence, we believe, that where there are large quantities of the old seed to rot in the hill, it is likely to affect the young tubers unfavorably; and also where there is too much seed in a hill, it produces too many tubers, so that the young potatoes grow badly crowded, and consequently many of them must be small, and others become diseased. Here is matter for thought and experiment.—*Country Gentleman.*

Pulling Horses.—Put the curb-chain inside the mouth, from hook to hook, instead of out. How or why it so often acts with such considerable effect, I know not, but at times it utterly puts an end to over-pulling.

To stop a runaway horse, or render the most pulling brute quiet and playful with his bit, get a double-plain snaffle, rather thick and heavy, the joints rather open; cut an old curb chain in half and let it hang down from the bottom snaffle joint. When the brute offers to pull or bolt, instantly merely drop your hand; of course, the curb-chain will drop between his front teeth, and should the beast savage it—if any of your correspondents wish to try the effect on themselves, they have only to place a nut between their front teeth and try to crack it—they will soon understand the vast difference between pleasure and pain. So does the horse, and in a short time he will play with the very thing he before tried to savage, and in the end become, from a vicious brute, a playful and good-mouthed brute.—*London Field.*

How to Keep a Stallion.—A correspondent of Porter's Spirit, in reference to the above inquiry, writes: "Give your horse in the morning one quart of cracked wheat and four fresh eggs; the same at noon, and at night four quarts of new milk. In addition, feed him with clean oats enough to keep him in good condition. Let him have from three to five miles of exercise every day, and only one mare in every twenty-four hours. Observe these rules, and the horse will prove a sure foal-getter, his stock will have strong constitutions, and whether for running or trotting, his stock will never deteriorate, if judgment is used in crossing. Finally do not permit your horse to be used more than twice in one day, if you do there will be sure to be windfalls.

Measuring Hay and Corn in Bulk.—A cube of 8 feet square is estimated to make a ton of hay in stack or mow, after it is well settled.—Allowance must be made for the fineness and compactness of the hay; for fine hay at the bottom of the mow or stack, it will take less the above measure—for coarse and highly pressed hay, it will take more.

To measure corn in the ear, find the contents of the crib, by multiplying the average length, width and depth in inches into each other, and divide this product by 2,815, the number of cubic inches in a heaped bushel: take two-thirds of this quotient for bushels of shelled corn. This rule supposes three heaped half bushels of ears to make a bushel of shelled corn.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

Forcing Melons, &c.—One of the best methods we have found to raise early plants of the melon and cucumber under glass, is to take sods from three to five inches thick, soak them some twelve hours or more in liquid manure, and then plunge them *grass down*, into the bed, then insert three or four seeds in each sod, where they can afterwards be transplanted with the sod, without disturbing the roots.

Scab or Sheep.—W. R. C. asks: "What is the best remedy for shab or scab in sheep?" Having a large mountain sheep farm, I was much troubled with the scab among them, until a friend, an extensive farmer, gave me three years ago the following simple and effectual remedy, which I have used with the greatest success ever since, scarcely having to apply more than one dressing, except to those very badly affected. Take 1 lb. of common tobacco to 4 gallons of buttermilk, which put into a closely-covered earthen jar, and place in an oven for three or four hours to simmer; when cold, apply in the following manner:—Take each sheep affected, and after parting the wool down the centre of the back, pour on from half a pint to a pint, as the case may be, taking care that the solution reaches every part affected. The sheep must be perfectly dry before dressing; I generally pen mine under cover the night before, and also keep them up a short time afterwards, after which they can be removed to their accustomed pasture.—*Corres. London Field.*

Growing Tobacco.—As soon as the frost is out of the ground, burn a brush heap, and while it is hot, rake in the seed. When the plants have leaves about an inch long, transplant to rich, warm soil, and set them out about four feet each way. Keep the weeds down, and by all means keep off the "tobacco worm." Nip off the seeds as fast as they come, and let the plants stand until they become spotted with yellow spots the size of a five-cent piece; then cut them close to the ground, and hang them over a pole in the shed to dry. When sufficiently dry, so as not to break the leaves, pack them in a pile so that they can sweat; then hang them up again.—*Michigan correspondent of Rural American.*

Preventing Sows from Destroying their Offspring.—A much more humane and Christian remedy, than to make the unfortunate animal drunk, is to supply it with a little meat every day for a few days previous to farrowing; the sow, being carnivorous, seems especially to require flesh food at that time. An effete cock, an old hen that consumes more than she produces, waste scraps from the house, or if nothing else is to be had, refuse meat should be bought of the butcher. If the sow is thus provided, and well fed, she will not eat her pigs.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Clearing Off Rocks.—A writer in the N. E. Farmer, after blasting, breaking and burying rocks until his patience was exhausted, says he tried fire and water. He collected a good quantity of brush, leaves, and any combustible rubbish, and kept up a brisk fire for an hour, about a rock weighing three or four tons. He then dashed on a few buckets of cold water, and the rock fell in fragments.

Useful Receipts.

Mr. Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post:—I send you a receipt for a pudding which we all like so much that we have it once a week. I never saw it in any cook-book. Now all you young lady readers of the model paper, who strive to please your brothers, try it, and you will thank Sallie:

Steam Pudding.—Three cups of flour; one cup of suet; one cup of raisins; one cup of molasses; two cups of milk; one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda. Chop the suet very fine, put it in the flour with the other ingredients, and steam it two hours. To be eaten with lemon dip.

Lemon Dip.—Thin two tablespoonsful of flour with water; stir it into a pint of boiling water; let it boil once; take it up and stir in four tablespoonsful of sugar, a little butter, and the juice of one lemon. Some prefer wine or brandy dip, but we teetotalers prefer the aforesaid lemon dip.

Blue and Red Ink.—For blue ink, dissolve indigo in oil of vitriol and add water until you have the shade of color required. Then add as much potash, or soda, as the liquid will bear without injury to its color. Another method is to mix in a glass bottle one ounce of powdered Prussian blue with two ounces of muriatic acid. Let it stand 24 hours, then dilute with water, and it is ready for use. There are a dozen methods of making red ink, differing but little. In fact, ink of any color may be made from strong decoctions of the ingredients used in dyeing, mixed with a little alum and gum arabic. The following makes a very good red ink: Stale beer, or vinegar, 1 pint; cochineal, bruised, 1 dram; gum arabic, 1 ounce; ground Brazil, 2 ounces; alum, 2 ounces; boil moderately for three or four hours and strain.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Take Grease Out, &c.—Rub the place with bicarbonate of soda, and a little water. The soda will combine with the grease and form soap suds.

To Keep Apples.—The most effectual method of preserving both apples and pears with which I am familiar—and which, of course, I recommend in preference to all others, is the following: Having selected the best fruit, wipe it perfectly clean and dry with a fine cloth, then take a jar of suitable size, the inside of which is thoroughly coated with cement, and having placed a layer of fine sand perfectly dry at the bottom, place thereon a layer of the fruit—apples or pears as the case may be—but not so close as to touch each other, and then a layer of sand; and in this way proceed till the vessel is full. Over the upper layer of fruit a thick stratum of sand may be spread and lightly pressed down with the hands. In this manner choice fruit, perfectly ripe, may be kept for almost any length of time, if the jar be placed in a situation free from moisture.—*Southern Homestead.*

Cure for Depression of Spirits.—When galvanic rings were sold to cure every ill that flesh is heir to, a lady asked of a friend who fondly cherished the delusion, "If galvanic rings would cure depression of spirits?" "What has caused them?" said the latter. "The loss of a husband," mournfully replied the lady. "For that," said he, holding forth his little finger upon which was the wedding ring of his deceased wife, "*gold* is better. Let me place this upon the third finger of your left hand, and I can warrant a perfect cure."

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 16, 17, 14, 12, 28, 1, 3, 15, was a celebrated English botanist.

My 24, 25, 41, 34, 36, 28, 43, was a Roman historian.

My 16, 12, 5, 6, 46, 43, 22, 42, was an entertaining French writer.

My 26, 8, 12, 18, 35, 41, was a king of Persia.

My 13, 35, 4, 21, 44, 39, 13, was a general in the American Revolution.

My 26, 8, 4, 14, 28, 32, 24, was the founder of Quebec.

My 41, 43, 35, 15, 20, 8, 12, 13, was an eminent English oculist.

My 21, 17, 37, 40, 5, 6, was a celebrated sculptor of Athens.

My 17, 35, 4, 23, was a distinguished philosopher and historian.

My 14, 26, 18, 15, 25, 13, was a celebrated Danish hero.

My 21, 22, 43, 1, 33, was an eminent English lawyer.

My 31, 45, 35, 13, 18, was one of the inventors of the art of printing.

My 4, 5, 6, 14, 15, was a distinguished American statesman.

My 46, 23, 34, 28, 24, 16, 30, 38, 45, was an eminent English poet and miscellaneous writer.

My 13, 35, 18, 20, 5, 6, was a Greek lexicographer.

My 40, 43, 1, 33, 5, 4, 11, 24, was an illustrious Persian general.

My 33, 30, 4, 11, 19, was a renowned Greek poet.

My 7, 14, 17, 15, 9, 3, 15, was a celebrated English writer.

My 9, 27, 22, 26, 37, 36, 43, 28, 20, was a king of Spain.

My 2, 35, 41, 45, was a celebrated Bohemian reformer.

My 11, 2, 19, 23, 29, was a celebrated botanical painter.

My 4, 35, 22, 43, 42, was a courageous French general.

My 28, 25, 13, 35, 41, was a celebrated Assyrian monarch.

My 7, 14, 33, 34, 24, was a celebrated English architect.

My whole was a distinguished American statesman and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence. MYRON A. EDDY.

Hornby, New York.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When men do travel o'er the land,
In sights and scenes to view,
They're glad to see my first at hand,
When day bids earth adieu.

My second must be done by all,
In every clime and zone;
The peasant in his cottage small,—
The king upon his throne.

My third you've surely often seen,
A verb and a command;
My whole doth grow in valleys green,
Within a tropic land.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five letters do my name comprise,
A monster of enormous size.
Erase my first, and you will see,
What every person flin would be.
My fifth and second erase, transpose,
What thieves despise I then disclose.
Erase my first and second, then
You'll find a liquor drank by men.
Erase my middle three, and you
A pronoun will then bring to view.
Now if to guess you are inclined,
The answer you can easily find.

St. Paris, O. COWDEN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is not short; my second is an article; my third is drawing near; my whole is a town in the southern part of New Jersey.

ALGEBRAICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three men, X, Y and Z were employed by A to do some ditching. For the job the whole three were to receive $130.50. X did more work than Y; and Y did more work than Z. But if X had done in addition to what he did the one-fourth of what Y and Z did, and if Y had done, in addition to what he did, the one-third of what X and Z did, and if Z had done in addition to what he did the one-half of what X and Y did—all without diminishing each other's work—then all three would have performed alike work. As it was, X did 100 perches more ditching than the one-third of that which Z did. From this I wish to know how many perches of ditching they together made, and how much of the money each was entitled to receive? ☞ An answer is requested.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When a king is dethroned, who suffers most—king or people? Ans.—The King loses a *crown*, the people lose a *sovereign*.

☞ Why is a percussion cap like the only debt which a spendthrift thinks of paying? Ans.—Because it is a debt o' nature (detonator!)

☞ How should a dwarf give a conundrum to a giant? Ans.—Give it *up*.

☞ Why is the letter W like a prominent public building? Ans.—Because it is the capital (capitol) in Washington.

☞ Why is the law like a book of surgery? Ans.—Because there are a great many terrible cases in it.

☞ Why is snuff like the letter S? Ans.—Because it's the beginning of sneezing.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Sennacherib, King of Assyria. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Weyer's Cave, Augusta County, Virginia. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Captain Smith rescued by Pocahontas. RIDDLE—Wheel, (heel, eel, eU.) CHARADE—Is. CHARADE—Andrew. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—252.

☞ A Delicate Task.—Amyot was requested to write a history of France. He replied:—"I am too much attached to my masters to wish to write their biographies."